The Nation.

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The Week.

SENATOR HOAR has written a—for him—remarkably sensible letter to one Swift, a Massachusetts Coxeyite leader in the march of the "armies" to Washington. This passage in his letter we particularly like:

"The persons who belong to your company or to the company of Mr. Coxey, so far as they are decent and well-intentioned American citizens, are entitled to all the privileges of American citizenship. But I cannot recognize their title to speak for the American people. Five or ten thousand men have no right to dictate to the other 65,000,000, or to dictate to the Government which the other 65,000,000 have established. I hold a commission from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as do my colleagues in the Senate and the House of Representatives, and we have the sole title to express the will of the people of Massachusetts in national legislation until, in the exercise of their constitutional rights, they select others to supply our places. We can recognize no master except the Commonwealth itself. Certainly no body of men less than a majority of the entire people can call upon us to act otherwise than in accord with our own judgments."

The only criticism we can make on this is, that it is a pity Senator Hoar did not find out sooner that he acted for a majority of the entire people, and not for 5,000 or 10,000 men. Since 1861, there have been twenty-six changes made in the tariff, all increases. Now nearly every one of these changes was made, not at the request of 65,000,000 people, but of small parties of men, sometimes solitary individuals, sometimes of little delegations representing one industry. Every one of them Senator Hoar approved of, either in the House or Senate, although he knew well at whose instance the tinkering took place. They were also approved of by all the Republican organs.

The talk about further changes and compromises in the tariff bill, particularly in the income-tax clauses, doubtless has some foundation, but mainly foreshadows what will be done in the conference to which the bill will ultimately be sent, and in which the final form will be given it. These minor details do not greatly matter at present. In any conceivable form the bill will have valuable features and be a great improvement over the McKinley bill. It will doubtless be thickly scarred also with weak "concessions" and absurdities. But the passage of even a sadly imperfect bill will have the effect of breaking down the hideous superstition to which the Republican party has enslaved itself, and tried to enslave the country, for the past dozen years. Manufactories will not be hermetically closed. Farmers will continue to cultivate the soil and merchants to buy and sell, and railroads and steamships to go on with the business of transportation. After a brief experience of the fact that the industry of man and the national resources of the country can produce prosperity and happiness independently of the all-wise fiats of a McKinley or a Harrison, it will be possible to discuss questions of taxation and settle its details like rational beings, and not like frightened savages cutting themselves with flints before an ugly idol. It is because tariff-reformers look confidently forward to such a time that they are comparatively indifferent to the imperfections of the bill that will usher it in.

The dignified Senate gave another exhibition of horse-play on Friday, when the two parties took to applying the methods and phraseology of gamblers to each other. It is idle to inquire which side got the best of the ignoble contest, as it was discreditable to both alike. The only conclusion to be drawn from the schoolboy defiances and taunts hurled back and forth between the venerable leaders of debate is, that neither party is ready to go about the work confided to them in a businesslike manner. Not a single paragraph of the tariff bill has yet been brought to a vote, though, under pretence of discussing the first clause, Senator Higgins was allowed on Thursday to work off a long and belated speech on the Hawaiian question. No one called him to order or insisted that he should speak to the question. Such a stultification of itself by a body elected to transact the country's business it would be hard to parallel. Happily, there is a good prospect now that the instinct of self-preservation will do for the Democratic Senators what reason and a sense of duty should have done long ago, and that they will soon flounder out of their slough of despond. Soult used to complain that he could not whip the English, in spite of the efforts of their generals to help him do it, and the Republicans will soon have to admit that they could not beat the tariff bill, even with the aid of the Democratic leaders in the Senate.

That was an excellent protest against the gerrymander which ex-President Harrison made in his speech before the Indiana Republican State Convention on April 25. There ought to be, as he said, "equality of men at the ballot-box, the abolition of all legislation that tends to enhance the power of one man by abstracting from the just power of another," which is the effect of the last redistricting of the State by the Democrats. But it is greatly to be feared that Republican indignation against gerrymandering tactics in Indiana will cool if the party carries the State next fall and gets a chance to pass a redistricting bill of its own. Such has been the experience of the Ohio Republicans. They could not express their horror at the injustice shown by the Democrats when the latter gerrymandered the congressional districts four years ago, but they are now carrying through the Legislature a bill redividing the State into judicial districts, which is so framed as to give their party tremendous advantages. At the last election the Republican vote was only 10 per cent. larger than the Democratic, but under this bill the Democrats could secure only thirteen out of the seventy-seven judges, the counties being so arranged that it would require 31,700 Democratic votes to elect a judge, and only 6,500 Republican.

The Indiana Republicans patriotically denounced the "hauling down the American flag at Hawaii," despite the fact that the good Republican President who "disavowed" the action of his minister in raising it, was present in the convention. Apropos of this, the Honolulu correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives the following account of an incident which took place in connection with the hauling down:

"Mr. Blount served one of them just right when the Hawaiian-born white citizen called on him and, after other inappropriate and disrespectful language, said, 'But you have hauled down our flag.'

"'I never have touched your flag; there it is,' pointing to the ensign of Hawaii; 'that is the flag under which you were born; you are an old man now; that is the flag under which you have always lived; and there is the door.'"

We wish to make an appeal for American sympathy for the heroic band of patriots in Hawaii. They need it now far more than they did when the flag which was not theirs was hauled down. Stevens said that incident produced the most intense feeling among them, but when asked to specify manifestations of the feeling, said that it was "intense silence." That silence is broken by our old friend, the Rev. Sereno E. Bishop, who tells a moving tale in last week's *Independent* about the "stormy outlook" before the Oligarchs. They have arranged a nice little constitutional convention, to which eighteen elected delegates will be admitted, over against nineteen of themselves who are to sit without any election. As an added safeguard, no one can vote for delegates, and no delegate can take his seat, unless he makes oath to do whatever the Oligarchs order. This is a fine stroke of constructive statesmanship, but the real difficulties lie elsewhere, the Rev. Sereno tells us. The sugar planters are insisting that there must be no anti-Chinese laws, and "sugar dominates." On the other

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hand, all the young imported patriots are insisting that the Chinese must go, and so also are the Portuguese, who naturally hate all foreigners. Then there is a "strong third party" making trouble—the Japanese. They insist upon their right to vote under their treaty, but "their contention is strongly opposed." How to draw up a constitution to suit all these fighting factions is no slight problem, nor is it easy to get such a constitution accepted by popular vote. All this leads the Rev. Sereno to say: "It is easily seen why we have so earnestly desired to become at once a Territory of the United States, which would apparently have obviated the present difficulties."

The Populist Governor of Kansas is now in trouble with "Labor," notwithstanding all his demagogism. There is a bureau of labor statistics, and the commissioner has just issued his annual report. He seems to have regarded it as his duty to be a "calamity shrieker," and he has devoted most of his space to an attempt at showing that farming in Kansas does not pay. The State Federation of Labor is disgusted with his course. It has issued an address "arraigning" Gov. Lewelling for not keeping his promise to appoint as commissioner the "candidate having the preponderance of endorsement of the organized workingmen of the State," and instead turning the bureau over to "a mere political striker"; and condemning this striker for having totally disregarded the true purpose of the bureau, and issued a report which tries to make out that the chief industry is a failure, and which is consequently calculated to repel immigration and discourage the investment of capital in the State. Worst of all, no member of a labor organization has a place in the bureau, and it is "strictly a non-union establishment." For all of which reasons the Federation calls upon workingmen to "do their duty by themselves by endeavoring by their votes and influence to prevent the renomination and election of L. D. Lewelling."

The Governor of Indiana has made a humiliating exhibition of himself. Indiana has laws under which the leaders of the Coxeyites could have been arrested on entering the State, and the band could have been broken up. Yet Gov. Matthews publicly announced that the proper policy was to treat the army "in a manner that will hurry it out of the State as soon as possible," and leave some other State to deal with the gang of loafers and thieves. Naturally enough, the Coxeyites grow more overbearing as the authorities grow more truckling. "General" Aubrey said to an Indianapolis reporter: "We're getting along all right. The people are giving us what we need now, some of them just for the fun of the thing, and by and by they'll give to us because they have to."

The Gospel was preached to the people of Davenport, Ia., on Sunday week by the Rev. A. M. Judy, a Unitarian clergyman, in a way to open the eyes of the careless and indifferent. A division of Coxey's army was approaching the city, and Mr. Judy seems to have considered that the highest obligation of Christianity was the proper treatment of these men. He pointed out that this organization was levying forced tribute on the country, raising means by a menace, and that everybody who contributed to their support was guilty of promoting anarchy. He insisted that whatever help was to be given to them must be given to them as private individuals, when they were ready to break ranks and go to work—not while they remain massed as an army. He denounced Council Bluffs and Des Moines as having been "disloyal to the flag of their country, and so selfishly truculent that they helped on a mischief which they knew to be a mischief," and expressed the hope that the city of Davenport would not "stain her fair name by following in their contemptible footsteps." He enforced the lesson by appealing to the example of Christ, who "did not complacently help on what he believed to be wrong, but hurled at it his terrible anathema." Altogether Mr. Judy gave the timid politicians a good deal to think about.

The Indian Rights Association has addressed a strong protest to the House committee on Indian affairs against the proposal to abolish the office of superintendent of Indian schools, and to cut down the force of inspectors and special agents charged with making reports to the secretary of the interior on the condition of the Indian service. The proposal is understood to have sprung out of Congressman Holman's perverse habit of economizing in the wrong place for the sake of wasting elsewhere. It is peculiarly absurd at the present moment, coming so soon after the President's admirable appointment of a superintendent, Dr. W. N. Hailmann. He has already gone to work with the energy and ability that his former career as an educator gave promise of, and it is the Association's belief that, if he is continued in office, the Indian schools will soon compare favorably with the "best public-school systems of the country." It would certainly be the height of stupidity, if we are to continue the Indian schools at all, to cripple if not destroy their efficiency by taking away their competent superintendent.

It is seriously to be hoped that the bill now before the Senate of the United States "to set apart certain lands, now known as the Pacific Forest Preserve, as a public park, to be known as the Washington National Park," will become a law. It is hardly too much to say that this proposed park will in course of time be even more famous and more frequented as a resort for pleasure and health than those other two great national parks, the Yellowstone and the Yosemite. For the new park will have for its centre of attraction Mt. Tacoma, presenting in its isolated grandeur a more imposing spectacle than any group of Swiss mountains. The Appalachian Club of Boston and the American Geographical Society of New York have promised their coöperation, and the San Francisco Sierra Club has drawn up a memorial in which the attractions of the proposed park are well summed up. The time to save this region in all its beauty and grandeur is now, before vandals and speculators have marred any part of it; for although Mt. Tacoma is only sixty miles away from the cities of Tacoma and Seattle, there are as yet no hotels or roads or even trails, and a trip to the park involves a camping outfit and "roughing it." A proposed new railway will, however, bring the park within two hours' ride of these cities. The proposed park will be about forty miles by thirty-eight, including about a million acres, making it somewhat larger than Rhode Island.

Judge Nott's recent decision that the President may lawfully sign a bill after Congress has adjourned, provided he does so within the ten days allowed him by the Constitution for consideration, has recalled the fact that the original Constitution of New York contained a provision on this subject almost identical with that of the federal Constitution, and that the court of last resort ruled that the Governor could exercise the power after the adjournment of the Legislature. Indeed, it was held in this State that he could give his approval not only within the period of ten days, but up to the end of the term for which the Legislature had been elected. The Buffalo *Courier* finds that bills were thus approved by the executive and became laws several months after adjournment. This license gave the Governor a great power, which was obviously open to abuse, particularly when he was a candidate for reëlection; and the power of approval was, therefore, restricted by one of the constitutional amendments of 1874, which contains the provision that no bill shall become a law after the final adjournment of the Legislature unless approved by the Governor within thirty days after such adjournment.

The *World* is doing almost the most valuable work that any newspaper can

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now do for this city in publishing biographies of leading Tammany men. It had one of "Barney" Martin on Sunday, filling a page, which we advise everybody to tear off and stick up in his office or in his workshop. It contains also pictures not only of "Barney," but of persons with whom he is said to have associated at one part or other of his checkered career, such as "Red" Leary, "Billy" Porter, "Jack" Irving, "Red" Kate, "Bill" Vosburgh, "Shang" Draper, and John Walsh, the portraits having come mainly from Superintendent Byrnes's collection. Nothing is so necessary for the city at this crisis as Tammany biographies. Nothing does the gang fear so much, for most of them sprang into public life from the gutter or the jail. Impunity has caused them to throw off restraint. Both Grant and Gilroy, thinking the public did not care, laid aside all disguise, called the riffraff around them, and made judges and commissioners and what not, of the worst of them, and snapped their fingers in the faces of the people. They are beginning to run away now, and, as Dr. Parkhurst has well remarked, the fleeing "wicked make better time when some one is after them." The *World* biographies, if kept up with the fulness, accuracy, and pictorial embellishment displayed in this last one, will develop, we solemnly believe, a "two-forty gait" in the whole crowd.

Gen. Swayne is credited, in an interview in the *Times* on Thursday, with the following remark:

> "Mayor Gilroy is probably as good a man as any one could find in Tammany Hall. He is an honest man personally, and has done as well in the mayoral chair as any man could do who was trying to serve two masters."

We were very sorry to see this, for probably nothing could better promote the rascality and general wickedness from which this city is suffering than a definition of dishonesty which would confine it to the actual stealing of money out of the treasury. It is only in abstaining from simple theft—that is, embezzlement or petty or grand larceny—that Mayor Gilroy can be called "an honest man personally." Is not the abuse of a great trust for the basest purposes one of the lowest forms of dishonesty? What kind of dishonesty is it which is not "personal"? Was not the appointment of a man like Barney Martin to the place of deputy commissioner of public works just as dishonest as to steal Barney's salary and hand it over to him? Was not the appointment of Mike Daly to be commissioner of public works, in all probability with an understanding that he would divide his salary with some one, a fraud on the public treasury? Was not the placing of Martin on the judicial bench a fraud of the grossest kind on the public, and especially the poor of this city? Was not the reward of Scannell, the murderer, with a fire commissionership a swindle on every decent man in the community? Can a man live for years in close intimacy with Croker, knowing his character, knowing the sources of his income, and doing his bidding, and be called "an honest man personally"? Can any man live on the inside of Tammany Hall and form part of its management without daily winking at crimes against God and man of the most shocking character? Nothing does more for our degradation than the readiness of men like Gen. Swayne to condone the lives of these deplorables when they call themselves mayors and commissioners. Politeness towards them is, however, an offence against the State.

Lord Rosebery has again been expressing himself on the Irish question in a way to alarm the anti-Parnellites and to delight the suspicious and implacable Parnellites. To speak of England's being "weary" of the long discussion and struggle, and to hold out a bait to the Liberal Unionists, is to fly in the face of Irish tactics and the policy of Mr. Gladstone. The Irish and Mr. Gladstone have contended that England would have to keep on being wearied with the Irish question until it was settled in a way to still the Irish agitation and obstruction, and have dwelt upon English weariness and rage over the Irish difficulty as the great argument why some comprehensive settlement must speedily be sought. Lord Rosebery appears to be feeling around for some stirring English issue which will give him back the Birmingham Liberals and, if possible, a majority independent of the Irish. That he is counting upon substantial help from the Radicals and Socialists seems clear, but he will find aid from that quarter most illusory. Sir Charles Dilke, in the course of his rather patronizing comments on Lord Rosebery's Government, in the May *North American*, has a truer eye for the probable future when he says: "The Independent Labor party are no doubt destined to weaken the Liberal party at the moment, and to upset it in the long run."

The disestablishment of the Welsh Church has for some time been a fixed article in the Liberal programme, but this did not prevent violent attacks on the bill for that purpose introduced on Thursday by Mr. Asquith. To describe the bill, as it was described by one outraged Tory, as a bill for "the legalization of sacrilege and plunder," speaks more for dread of the bill as the entering wedge of total disestablishment than for its immediate effects. Even the partial "church census" of Wales could not make out that the Established Church had more than a ludicrously small hold on the people of Wales. Mr. Asquith stated the exact truth when he said that the vast majority of Welshmen looked upon the Church of England in Wales as an "aggressive and sectarian power." Its disestablishment is sure to come before long, as its disestablishment in England seems certain to come in the long run, when the new English democracy takes the bit in its teeth; but whether it can pass the Lords in the present Parliament is pretty doubtful.

The worst charge against protectionism is not that it forces people to buy goods which they do not want, and raises prices on the poor, but that, as Burns said of licentiousness, "it hardens a' within, an' petrifies the feelin's." It makes men unscrupulous and audacious, and unblushing in confessions of their helplessness and dependence. We have seen within a few days the readiness of some of the Philadelphian protectionists to make common cause with the silvermen and Populists, in return for help in defeating the Wilson bill; which is probably the lowest depth to which they have yet gone. But another curious illustration of the same thing has just occurred in Paris. The failure of the State to protect authors and painters is a grievance which the manufacturers have never taken up. America is, in fact, the only country which has sought to protect its authors and artists against foreign competition, but it has done so in a very feeble and halting way. In France nothing has been done, and the authors have at last begun to bestir themselves. The Authors' League have just addressed a long letter to the Minister of Public Instruction, setting forth the oppression under which they labor at the hands of publishers, and calling attention to the enormous number of admirable things in literature and in science which have probably been lost to the world for want of a publisher, or the means of doing without a publisher. They therefore ask that the Government shall take sole charge of the *Bulletin de la Bibliographie de la France*, a sort of trade journal containing the publishers' announcements, and shall print and publish it at the public expense, and insert therein gratuitously all announcements of books which the authors may send, and shall require the insertion of its contents, also, in all the journals of the country once a week. The *Temps* suggests that if this gratuitous advertising be furnished to authors, it should also be furnished to vine-growers and all persons doing a poor business, and asks why the authors do not demand the printing and publishing of the works themselves by the Government—which would, in fact, be a very effective mode of protection, provided the proceeds of the sales went to the authors.

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THE REPUBLICAN TWEEDLEDUM AND THE DEMOCRATIC TWEEDLEDEE.

THE old-fashioned remedy for abuses or mistakes — turning one party out and putting the other in—is no longer open to the American people. In whatever direction we look, we seem to find both parties advocating or promoting the same things. When we gave the Democrats a majority in Congress, we thought we were securing a considerable reduction of the tariff and putting a stop to silver purchases, and generally to the silver craze. As soon as Congress met, we got for our pains a small reduction of the tariff and a heavy income tax, or, in other words, a continuation of our burdens in a new shape. We thought, too, we had, with the repeal of the Sherman law, got rid of the silver craze, but hardly had this been done when the Republicans, who were supposed to be our main reliance against the craze, revived the agitation for it under the name of a demand for bimetallism. Nothing is more necessary to-day for the revival of our prosperity than the restoration of foreign confidence in our securities, and the return of foreign capital to our shores. Nevertheless, both parties seem to be engaged in a neck-and-neck race to see which shall do most to shake the confidence of the civilized world in the stability of our institutions and the strength of our government.

Nothing crazier or more anarchical has probably ever been produced in a civilized legislature by a responsible, educated man than Senator Lodge's proposal to discriminate against English imports, in order to coerce England into changing the standard of value under which she has done business, and almost carried on the commerce of the globe, for one hundred years. It sounds like some of the decrees of the French Convention directed against "Peett and Cobourg." This might have passed, however, as the trick of a solitary demagogue casting around for votes in troublous times. But the Republican convention of Indiana has actually caught Lodge's idea and improved on it. "We believe," say these sages,

> "in a currency composed of gold, silver, and paper, readily convertible at a fixed standard of value and entirely under national control; and we favor the imposition of increased tariff duties upon the imports from all countries which oppose the coinage of silver upon a basis to be determined by an international congress for such purpose."

This, of course, is pure wind, but abroad it will pass as the well-considered resolve of influential thinkers, because it was preceded by a speech from no less a personage than ex-President Harrison, in which he again calls for an international agreement to assure the "continued equality" of silver with gold, and assures his audience that he sees signs that England and Germany are coming over to his view. No wonder the delegates thought that, under these circumstances, it would be a good thing to apply custom-house pressure to England and all others like-minded. President Harrison boldly avows his continued belief in the anthropomorphic view of silver, for he wants to restore it to "a place of honor among the money metals of the world." Every intelligent man knows what mischief this view has done. It is impossible to make a good standard of value of anything which, besides being used as a measure, has to receive "honor" and "justice" like a sentient being. To have an elderly lawyer who has filled our chief magistracy producing it, of course makes every man all over the globe who knows anything of trade or finance shake in his boots, if he has money invested in America. If the world heard that the worship of the yardstick, as a fetish, was common among American legislators, who would send goods here to be sold by measure?

There is every sign, in fact, that the Republicans are now bent on making friends with the Western and Southern silver-men, in return for support of the tariff, and are ready for any absurdity which may seem necessary for this purpose. They are all for bimetallism, they say, and are as good "friends of silver" as the silver-men themselves. There is a good deal of alarm through the country to-day over the Coxey movement. That movement means that the enemies of property and order are learning to make organized attacks on both, and they will be encouraged by finding that they have to deal with two parties, too eager for their votes to offer them any serious resistance, and with governors and sheriffs who think they have a political future. To those who "view with alarm" this state of things, let us say distinctly that bimetallism differs in no respect as a maker of mischief and a promoter of anarchy from pure silverism or pure greenbackism. Coxeyism has been produced by thirty years of protectionism. The workingmen of America have been taught in eight Presidential canvasses that their wages depended on their vote, that their prosperity depended on legislation to raise prices.

This was bad enough, but what causes these "armies" to march on Washington and seize trains to help them on their way, is the belief that Congress can make money, or, in other words, can give value, for purposes of exchange, to things which have no value, and raise the value of things which have some value. This is what greenbackism and silverism and Populism and Coxeyism mean. These tramps are going to Washington to make Congress issue paper money or silver money. Those who think they can be appeased by offering bimetallism, and demanding European coöperation in making bimetallism, are singularly ignorant of delusions which their own preaching has begotten. The poison which produces all these financial fallacies—the belief that the Government can give value to valueless things, and keep things of small value on an equality with things of large value—is to be found in the bimetallic cup in just as large quantities as in the greenback and silver cup. Once you convince a Coxeyite or a Populist of that, your proposals to wait for foreign coöperation, and your doubts about the effect on foreign exchange of any lowering of our standard, become in his eyes so much vapor. Hardly any of these inland statesmen know anything about foreign exchange, or about the laws which regulate the movements of specie. It is not many years since a man, afterwards a judge of the United States Supreme Court, asked, talking of this very matter, "What have we to do with abroad?" We doubt very much if ex-President Harrison to-day sees, any more than Coxey, what foreigners have to do with our money, and why we should not have truly American money for our own people.

Now that our currency has got firmly into politics, and that the great delusion is spreading over the world that the standard of value can be settled by the popular vote, and 50 per cent. be added to the value of any commodity by international convention, there is only one thing for the friends of civilization to do, and that is to oppose Government meddling with the metallic currency in any shape or form, except to stamp and weigh. We shall probably come to this eventually through great hardships and convulsions. But this is the way in which democracy learns its lessons about nearly everything as well as currency.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR COXEY?

A CONTROVERSY was sure to arise as to which of the two parties was responsible for the "industrial armies" now in the field, and it has arisen. According to the Republicans, the "armies" are distressed and thoughtful citizens who have been thrown out of work by the Wilson bill, and are coming to Washington to lay before Congress their "views" on the existing financial situation. This way of looking at them has been prominently produced by ex-President Harrison, and was really endorsed by the thirteen Republicans, including Hawley, who voted with the four Populists last week in favor of a motion that a committee of nine be appointed to meet the Coxeyites on their arrival, as a number of citizens in an organized body coming to Washington "for the purpose of personally presenting to Congress their views with respect to pending and prospective measures of legislation." Stronger encouragement to tramps to march on Washington in armies could not be given, short of appropriating money to feed them on the way.

The Democratic view, on the other hand, is that the Coxeyites are bands either of lazy men or of men unavoidably

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out of work, who march to Washington because they have been taught by the Republicans that the Government ought to take care of them, and that there can be no prosperity in this country without Government aid. The *Tribune* naturally resents this theory bitterly, and stigmatizes Secretary Morton as a "reckless demagogue" for calling the Coxey army a "large kindergarten class in protection." It says "the Republican party is not responsible for the present outbreak of lawlessness, social restlessness, and socialistic discontent in nearly every State in the Union." Now, if the large-minded editor of that paper would allow it to answer questions, its responses to the following would, we are sure, bring out the truth, and the truth would be as clear a case against the Republican party as was ever laid before a jury:

(1.) Have you not, ever since 1865, been telling the workingmen all over the country that the amount of their wages depended on the result of the Presidential election, and that, in voting for your man, they would be putting money in their pockets?

(2.) Have you not, through every form of human expression, also taught them that it was the most solemn duty of Congress to lay such taxes and to pay such bounties as would enable all sorts of business to make good profits; and have you not represented to them that, in default of such Government aid, no business could prosper; that, in short, the chief function of Government was to enable industrial enterprises to employ plenty of men at good wages?

(3.) Have you not, since the present crisis began, ascribed it wholly to the belief that Congress would modify the McKinley bill, thus making it appear that without the McKinley bill the country would go to the dogs?

(4.) Has not your chief, ex-President Harrison, declared within a few weeks, in one of his thoughtful speeches, that it was the duty of the Government to find work for the unemployed?

(5.) Have you not also maintained for thirty years that when a manufacture did not flourish in America, it was because it did not get enough help from Congress, and have you not always advised the owners of such enterprises to go to Washington, see the committee, and get the prices raised?

Were we allowed to go before a jury in support of these charges, we would produce such overwhelming proof from *Tribune* articles and from Congressional speeches that conviction would be certain. Is it not, therefore, absurd to blame the workingmen or the tramps for going to the place, and to the body, from which only, you have always assured them, comfort and prosperity could come? It must not be forgotten, too, that this tendency of everybody who is "down on his luck" to go to Washington for relief is not an American tendency at all. It never showed itself before the period of high tariffs. From 1789 to 1860 we had a large population of pioneers along our Western border undergoing extraordinary hardships, but the last thing they thought of was asking anything from the Government except a good title to their farms. When they found their toil inadequately requited, or a fit of restlessness came over them, far from marching on Washington, they plunged deeper into the Western wilderness, without other dependence than their rifles and their axes. In truth, the strong individual courage and independence of the American was the most famous trait of the national character. Thirty years of protection have made him an irrational, whimpering nursling of Congress and the Department of the Interior.

We ought not to conclude without reminding our readers that they will find, in nearly all the tariff-reform publications since 1865, warnings of the change which the protective system would work in the popular attitude towards the Government, and of the intensely socialistic tendency of protectionist teachings. What we are now witnessing, both in the Populist movement and in the Coxey marches, has been predicted with more or less clearness in them all. If the people could have listened to the protectionist orators and editors for two generations, and have believed them, without concluding that the Government owed them a living, it would show that the human mind in America had undergone a great change. But it has undergone no change. The protectionist gospel has worked its natural and legitimate results. If it is a true gospel, we ought to be all in Washington to-day loading up the Republicans with our "views."

SOCIALISM AND THE CLERGY.

A GREAT many clergymen have been preaching and writing about socialism of late. This is only natural and indeed commendable. Nothing more clearly marks the pulpit of the day than its humanitarian spirit, and it would be truly strange if all the current talk about a diseased society and social wrongs should not have greatly affected the clergy, in whom sympathy with all forms of suffering and misfortune has become so highly developed. No one can object to their discussing these questions in sermons and magazine articles and books, but we think the public has a right to expect that they observe the fitness of things in such discussion, and not go about it in a way to do more harm than good.

We think one trusty guide for them which the fitness of things suggests, is the rule that they should address themselves to the audience whose ear they have, and not to an audience whose ear they have not. Their customary hearers know how to take them, how to allow for their rhetoric and how to interpret their phraseology; while others may be puzzled or alarmed or inflamed by the same observations that leave their regular congregations indifferent. Now it seems to us of great importance for the Protestant clergy to remember that the classes whose ear they have are the well-to-do classes. They themselves admit and lament that they have lost the ear of the working classes as a whole. On their own showing, therefore, they ought not to take positions and endorse opinions before the rich which, when filtered down second-hand to the poor, shall serve to arouse the anti-social passions of the latter.

To take a specific case, by way of example, what we mean can be understood by turning the pages of the little book called 'The Christian Society,' lately published by the Rev. Prof. George D. Herron. He appears to be a man of most estimable character and intentions, but he has often fallen into the mistake, we think, of forgetting what his real audience is, and what it needs to be told. When he says, for instance, that "civilization has no power within itself to secure justice," that "it is built upon falsehood," has "a more dangerous foundation than dynamite," and "carries in it the elements of anarchy," he ought to see what the effect of such language will be on his immediate hearers, and also what it will be upon those far-away auditors to whom it afterwards goes. What the former will say is: "How earnest Mr. Herron is!" or "He gave us a very eloquent discourse," or "He means well, but he doesn't know what he is talking about." They will express these or similar opinions, and go about their business as before. But when these sentiments of his make their way down to the classes in whom envy and social unrest and wild theorizings about "justice" and the social order are all in a ferment, what will their effect be—what but to confirm them in the view already urged upon them by reckless socialist agitators, and which they will now say is admitted by one of the rich themselves, that the distribution of wealth is all wrong, and that the rich are robbers who come by their wealth dishonestly and should be made to disgorge on the spot?

The mistake is analogous to the one which Messrs. Andrews and Walker are making in their silver propaganda. They think to educate the East, but they are only inflaming the West. The East is a hardened old parishioner of theirs, and has learned to shed their silver gospel as a duck does water. But the West pricks up its ears at the sound of their sensational preaching, and calls out unctuously "Amen!" "Praise the Lord!" at their comforting doctrine.

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Then it goes off on its week-day business of buzzing about Washington with schemes of cheap currency, each more preposterous than the last, and all the while points to Brown University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as the homes of its "thinkers."

The corresponding error of the socialistic preachers is all the more lamentable inasmuch as they have a real and great opportunity of doing good to their immediate audience, instead of doing harm to their remote audience. If they would address themselves to the task of rebuking the ostentation and barbaric luxury of the class whose ear they have, they would do more towards healing social discontent than all their theorizings about "justice" and "the ethical functions of the State" will ever accomplish. Bishop Potter had some excellent remarks, not long ago, on the evils of the senseless profusion and elaborated elegance of our wealthy classes. These are the things which excite the cupidity of the discontented. They do not want the rich to divide up books and paintings and music with them, but the things they fix an envious eye upon are the fine clothes and the luxurious equipages and the lavish banquets, and all the silly show which wealth can make when it gives its mind to it, as, it must be confessed, it does pretty steadily. But the preachers have access to one hundred such social offenders to one working man they can reach. Let them speak to their audience. Let them insist more than they do upon the duty of simplicity, and the sin of over-elaboration, of life; let them rebuke, by precept and by practice, the profuse display of wealth, and fearlessly declare it, as it is, a crime against the social order, and they will find the strength and time needed to keep up a fight of that kind so great that they will have to leave disquisitions on "justice" and the "scientific basis of society" to other, if less competent, hands.

PAUPER IDLERS.

"THE wealthy idler we already know well," said Victor Hugo in the National Assembly; "you have created a person a hundred times more dangerous both to himself and others—the pauper idler." He was referring to the national workshops established by the provisional government of 1848, and which, he declared, had proved a "fatal experiment." The decrees ordering the opening of these *Ateliers Nationaux* went upon the most approved doctrines of our modern collectivists. The provisional government solemnly announced on February 25, 1848, that it bound itself "to guarantee the existence of the workman by means of work," and "to guarantee work to every citizen." On February 28 it declared, in terms which Bellamy and Coit and Coxey could not improve upon, that "it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of the workers"; that "the question of work is of supreme importance," and that "means must be at once devised to guarantee to the people the legitimate fruits of their toil."

As the surest way to make good all these "guarantees," the national workshops were established. All the conditions were as favorable for the success of the experiment as could be asked. The officials in charge of it were convinced and enthusiastic socialists. The workingmen engaged in it were intoxicated with the hopes of a new era which the new system was to bring about. Yet the whole thing proved a miserable and disastrous failure. An impartial account of this classical experiment in state socialism has great pertinence at this period, when the Fabians are abroad in England and the nationalizers are flourishing like green bay trees in the Old Bay State; and such an account may be found in the essay which Mr. St. Loe Strachey has contributed to the book called 'A Policy of Free Exchange,' which the Appletons have just brought out in this country. From contemporary documents and witnesses he shows in the clearest light what was the method and what were the results of this famous attempt of the State to guarantee work, and gives us a sure indication of the pit into which our latter-day Louis Blancs would cast us if allowed to solve the problem of poverty in their delightfully easy fashion.

The system, as described by Émile Thomas, who was himself president and director of the national workshops, and a firm believer in them until the hard fact made shipwreck of his faith, was for all those who wished to accept the Government's offer of work to make proper declarations before the officials of their *arrondissement*. Thereupon orders of admission to a national workshop were granted them. If they found work in any of them, well and good; if not, well and good also, as thirty sous a day could be drawn while waiting for a vacancy or for some work to turn up that the applicants were able to do. Thirty sous a day, as Mr. Strachey remarks, is not high pay, but it was to be had for doing nothing. And besides, bread was distributed to the families of the workingmen in proportion to the number of children. On these terms the Government found no lack of workingmen. In the Faubourg St. Antoine alone they were enrolled and certificated at the rate of a thousand a day. By the middle of June, 125,000 were enrolled in the whole of Paris, representing, at four to a family, 600,000 persons, or more than half the population of the city. Never was poverty abolished at such a rate.

But profits and industry and self-respect were abolished too, and even at thirty sous a day the Government found that it was paying too dear for the millennium. The correspondent of the London *Economist*, then in Paris, gave an edifying description of the way the thing was working in one typical case. This was the national tailor-shop set up in the Hôtel Clichy, transformed with great propriety from a debtors' prison into this happy home of the State's workingmen. The Government furnished the building rent free, and also provided the capital. It at once placed also an order for twenty-five thousand uniforms for the National Guard, with more for the Garde Mobile and the regular troops in the background. Then inquiry was made of the contractors who had formerly done the work, and it was found that they had been paid eleven francs a uniform. Out of this they had paid rent and interest and made a profit. What a fine thing it would be to give to the tailors the "legitimate fruits of their toil," when the Government would pay the rent and furnish the capital and give to the workingmen all the profits. The thing was entered upon amid enthusiasm on all hands. A "living wage" was paid the men pending the completion of the contract and the division among them of the magnificent profits. But, alas! when the day came for figuring up, it was found that each uniform had cost sixteen francs instead of eleven, and the only problem was how to divide a minus quantity.

The reason is not far to seek. As Senior said, with his eye on this very phenomenon, "All eleemosynary employment, all relief work, all parish work, is in fact nominal." The report of the commission appointed by the French Government to inquire into the operation of the national workshops was explicit on this point. At the very moment of recommending the appropriation of enormous sums to go on with the experiment, it had to admit that "the Revolution, which found the workmen of Paris contented in their proper sphere, has been, by treating them like spoiled children, the cause of that change in their character which makes every one now dread the excesses of which they may be guilty." What those excesses presently ran into every one knows. To avoid bankruptcy the National Assembly was forced to close the workshops. The workmen rose in fierce insurrection, and the blessed socialistic experiment came to a close with the killing of 12,000 men to restore order and sanity.

We know that it is a waste of breath to cite historical experience in the presence of Coxey or the creators of Coxey, Harrison and McKinley, and the thirty years of Republican paternalism. They are making history, not studying it. But Mr. Strachey has done well in giving his story of the way in which so-

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cialism cured all the ills of society in the year 1848 in France. He will convert no Coxeyite, but he will lead many to agree with him in his "plain reasons why plain men should not be Socialists. It is not because Socialists are innovators or agitators, or preach things contrary to the Book of Daniel, or are this, that, or the other, but simply and solely because socialism is nonsense."

CASTELAR AND REPUBLICANISM.

THERE is nothing particularly novel about Castelar's recent declaration in favor of continuing the Spanish monarchy as promising the best government for Spain now attainable. This is little more than a reiteration of his purpose to support Sagasta and the Liberal party, made known at the last general election, and is perfectly in line with what he has pretty consistently said ever since 1873. Yet a storm of vituperation has broken on his head for this last utterance. When he has said before that he did not see his way clear to a republic in Spain under existing conditions, he has been forgiven by all but the handful of furious Spanish republicans. But now he has gone further and actually spoken a good word for the monarchy, and instantly the press of this country has let loose on him the epithets of recreant and traitor, while the Radicals of France are black in the face with execrating him.

This outburst is a curious exhibition of what we may call divine-right republicanism. It is, in fact, the superstition of republicanism, comparable to the old superstition of monarchy, which says that it matters not how a government works, how well it secures or how far it is from securing at all the great ends of all government, but insists on one form of it as of itself inherently and necessarily better than all others. This is nothing more nor less than the application to a republic of the doctrine of divine right, and a revival of the intolerance with which kings, ordained of God as they complacently believed, looked upon the beginnings of representative government.

All this strangely omits to inquire what are the actual facts in regard to government and its operations in Spain. When Castelar says he favors a continuation of the monarchy, does he mean absolutism? Nothing of the kind. He means the present representative government of Spain, with universal suffrage, trial by jury, the freedom of the press and of religion. It is hard, in fact, to see what particular blessings a republic would bring to Spain. She already has the political boss in his most offensive development. Mr. Lowell, when minister in Madrid, was struck with the flourishing state of the spoils politician in Spain, and affirmed then that we had nothing to teach the effete monarchy in that particular. The crown is practically shorn of all powers except those of ceremonial. If the monarch does not behave himself, he will be bundled off his throne, as Isabella was in 1868, or have it made so uncomfortable for him that he will gladly resign it, as Amadeus did in 1873. How the country would be better off merely from having a President, it is hard to see. Indeed, those whose memories go back to the succession of factional and helpless presidents of the short-lived republic of 1873 will be slow to say that there was any saving grace in those officers as such. The United States gave a speedy and effusive recognition to the new sister republic, but she was a very weak sister, who needed something more than recognition to save her, and soon expired of inanition.

As far as Castelar's personality is concerned, there is undoubtedly a peculiar significance in the chilling of a republican enthusiasm so ardent as his was for many years. Upon no prominent European, probably, did the movement of 1848 make a deeper impression, and in no one's breast did it awaken brighter hopes and inspire sterner resolution. With incessant and daring activity and self-sacrifice he labored with voice and pen to apply to Spain that panacea for all the ills of government which he, and the other young patriots of the time in Germany and France and Italy, thought they had surely found in the idea of a republic. He had the exuberance of a meridional nature, and his oratory and writing always seemed more fitted to the windy plains of Troy than to the modern world. Yet he was a brilliant figure in all those years, and of late has come to be the type and chief representative of those in monarchical Europe to whom the republicans of America, North and South, could look as proof that the republican tradition was not dead in the Old World. His defection, as they now esteem it, is naturally something of a blow.

Yet there can be no doubt that his personal experience is typical, not only of the cooling which in like manner has come over many of his contemporaries, but also of the general scepticism, now pretty widespread in the world, in regard to the necessary and automatic virtues and blessings of a republican form of government. A great many things have happened since 1848 to make the old, simple faith hard if not impossible. The terrible failure of the South American republics, with the farcical Brazilian republic coming last of all to point the moral anew, has done a good deal in this part of the world to dissipate the fond theory that social virtue, regard for law, official integrity, are the product of particular institutions of government, instead of being the inheritance of race which shows itself under any institution of government. In short, the republican panacea has gone the way of other panaceas. Emerson says that every new theory appears to the eager young soul like a thunderbolt which will pierce the earth to its centre; but he soon discovers that it has made scarcely a scratch on the surface. It is a tough old world, and human society is obdurate material, which goes on much the same in spite of the attempts of the theorists to twist it this way or that, or to remodel it by giving it a new name.

JAPANESE POLITICS.—I.

TOKYO, April 2, 1894.

THE dominant note of Japanese politics is the popular feeling of hostility toward the present Sat-Cho government, or, as it is often called, clan government. Of this feeling of hostility, of its widespread character, of its essential justice, there can be no doubt whatever. Yet so curiously are the elements mixed in politics that just at the present moment the more judicious portion of the Japanese hesitate to oppose the Government because of the ungovernable and unreasonable temper of a large part of the Opposition, and also of the common belief that the most violent of the popular parties (the Progressionists, or *Kaishinto*) is interested less in overthrowing the power of the Sat-Cho than in securing the power for their own purposes. As the feud between the *Kaishinto* and the other popular party (the Radicals, or *Jiyuto*) has not been healed, but has grown more bitter than ever, the sober part of the public are all the more indisposed to turn against the present Government.

When Parliament opened in November, it was certain that there would be an interesting session. Hoshi Toru, President of the lower House, one of the most powerful men in the Radical party, and one of the political leaders of Japan, had succeeded in rousing the bitter enmity of the *Kaishinto*. In a series of campaign speeches he had denounced the motives and the policy of the Progressionists. The newspapers of the latter party retorted, in answer to his attacks, that he had been bribed to give his support to the Government, and that he had become a mere tool of the Sat-Cho. He promptly took the matter to the courts, and, after a long trial, he completely won his case against the newspapers. His resolute course of action and his success did not diminish the determination of his enemies to crush him if possible. As soon as Parliament met, the leaders of the *Kaishinto* very cleverly secured a member of a neutral party to bring various unsubstantial charges against Hoshi Toru, and pressure was brought upon him to resign the chair. But this he stoutly refused to do, not only on the ground that the charges were false, but that he held his position by appointment of the Emperor. Various tactics were tried to force him to resign, and finally he was handed over to a disciplinary committee, who suspended him for a week, not on the original charge of bribery, about which they were discreetly silent, but on the extraordinary charge that he had disobeyed the evident wishes of the House. At the end of the week's suspension he stubbornly resumed the chair, but this fairly infuriated his enemies, who now, having a sufficient majority, with little ceremony carried a vote of expulsion. In this disgraceful fashion Hoshi Toru, who but a year before had been generally praised for his impartial decisions and excellent discipline, was forced to leave the House.

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Two motives which had great influence on the subsequent action of the House underlay these arbitrary proceedings against its former President. The first of these motives has already been hinted at, and concerns the feud between the *Jiyuto* and *Kaishinto*. Hoshi Toru, as leader of the former party in the House, was the first party man in Japan to announce that the time for mere obstruction to the Government had gone by, and that the Radicals must adopt a constructive programme, either with or without the consent of the Government. This announcement was particularly offensive to Count Okuma, the leader of the *Kaishinto*, because he would no longer be able to rely upon the Radicals to oppose the Government. With a little political manœuvring the *Kaishinto* managed to join their forces with their former enemies, the National Unionists (*Kokumin Kyokai*), an alliance on a par with that of Blifil and Black George, as the *Kaishinto* stand in favor of the extremest form of party government, while the *Kokumin Kyokai* are in principle opposed to government by party and were supporters of the autocratic military cabinet of Count Matsukata. The *Jiyuto* was now dubbed the "official party" in order to discredit it before the country—a title wholly unmerited, and coming with peculiarly bad grace from the National Unionists.

Having accomplished this alliance, the *Kaishinto* found it necessary to make a strong attack upon the Government. For some years there had been a number of reactionaries who, believing that the Japanese were not ready to enter into competition with foreigners, were opposed to the opening up of the country to foreigners in the event of treaty revision, and had inveighed against the Government for not constructing the present treaties more strictly against foreigners. These agitators had a certain following in the country districts, and the *Kaishinto* and *Kokumin Kyokai* united with these minor parties in a grand movement against the Government. A long address to the throne was drawn up in which the various wrongs under which Japan had suffered from foreigners were mentioned. It specified that foreigners had purchased land outside of treaty ports, in the name of Japanese, for the purpose of residence and missions; that passports to travel in the interior, though by treaty granted only for health or scientific research, were freely given to applicants for purposes of pleasure or religious propagandism. It also specified that some foreigners still more boldly carried on business outside of treaty ports with the aid of recreant Japanese. These and other infringements of the treaties were cited as proofs that the Government had betrayed the true interests of the country.

Count Ito, the Premier, met the House more than half way, and warned it that this address would not be suffered to pass. He declared justly that such an address would irretrievably prejudice the cause of treaty revision. The treaties, he confessed, were obsolete, and not at all suitable to the present circumstances of the country, and a policy of mutual give-and-take between the Japanese and foreigners had been established, from which it would be impossible to recede until the treaties had been revised. Above all, the belief that foreign nations could be coerced into making new treaties by strictly enforcing the old ones, he emphatically declared, was preposterous, and the cabinet could not allow the address to pass. The Premier's warning, however, was not heeded. The House proceeded to debate the address, and as the only party opposed to it were the Radicals, who were now in a minority against the combined parties, it was clear that the address would pass. Before this consummation was reached, the Government prorogued the Parliament, and finally, on the 31st of December, dissolved it.

It will be seen from what has been said that the Hoshi incident, the alliance of the *Kaishinto* and *Kokumin Kyokai* against the *Jiyuto*, and the strict treaty enforcement measures, were all parts of a single programme. We may further say that they had but one purpose, and were, in all essential matters, directed by a single mind. This purpose was to embarrass the present Government in its most vital part (*i. e.*, foreign relations), and the arch director of the movement was Count Okuma, the leader of the *Kaishinto*. How all this bears on what has been called the revival of the anti-foreign feeling in Japan, and what real foundation there is for this feeling, will have to be left to another letter. G. D.

GREECE REVISITED.

ATHENS, April 9, 1894.

NINE years ago the only lines of railway in operation in Greece were those between Athens and the Piræus, and between Athens and the Corinthian isthmus—a little more than sixty miles in all. There may have been some lines in use in Thessaly, but of this I am not sure, never having had occasion to use them. The new Baedeker of this year informs us that Greece now possesses over 560 miles, and the result is that places which formerly were accessible only to the most ardent Philhellenes are now visited as easily and frequently as any of the towns between Rome and Florence. Olympia, which used to be a real pilgrimage, is now a pleasant excursion, and it is difficult to realize, as one sits in the comfortable little restaurant there, that only a few years ago the barest necessities of life were not to be had. From Patras it used to be a two days' journey; and one had the choice of driving over the hot, low plain, and sleeping at night either in his carriage or in a wretched little khan at the roadside, or taking the steamer to Zante, and crossing thence by boat to Katakolon, the port of Pyrgos, proceeding by carriage from that town. Those who tried either route have good reason to remember it. The only accommodation which Olympia itself had to offer was in the poor village of Drouva, perched upon the top of a neighboring hill, so steep that we left our house in the morning to return only at night: one climb a day was sufficient. The sum of luxury which Drouva was able to offer was in the shape of boards laid across two wooden horses and covered with a rough mattress by way of a bed. On one visit a friend and myself divided a hen between us as our only meat for three days; and we were more fortunate than a Frenchman whom we met returning, who had lived upon black olives, bread, and cigarettes for a week.

This is what one used to have to do in order to see the Hermes, and there certainly was a satisfaction in having thus earned the right. And how did one see him after this pilgrimage? For several years after its discovery, the statue stood in the wooden shed erected by the Germans as a storehouse for the sculptures which were brought to light; and here it was crucified, leaning against a stout post with a crosspiece on top, a rope being passed around the breast of the figure to fasten it to its support. The knees rested on a piece of bagging, the only thing which protected it from the dampness of the ground on which it stood. Later the statue was moved into a stone house near by, where it was set up in the same manner. Now this is all a matter of the legendary past. One goes by railway from Patras to within a few rods of the temple of Zeus in less than six hours. The trains are timed most conveniently, so that the visitor may arrive either in the morning or at noon, as he pleases, and he may leave either early in the afternoon or towards sunset. Whichever he does, he will probably find it convenient to spend one night at Pyrgos, and there he will now find a comfortable hotel with a really good table. (Old travellers will punctuate this last statement with a double exclamation-point, but it is true.) At Olympia itself the railway company has just finished a large hotel, which has every external indication of being first-class. I grieve to say that we had no opportunity of testing its merits more closely, because, owing to some difficulty in arranging about its lease, it is not yet opened, and the traveller of next season is likely to be the first to enjoy its benefits. In the meantime there are two more modest hostelries near the station, in one of which we had an excellent table-d'hôte luncheon, actually served in courses! I thought of little Drouva and the hen as I was eating this, and, looking up there, the poor little place seemed more forlorn than ever. Most travellers of nowadays are not even aware of its existence.

But to turn to what one goes to Olympia to see: the excavations still remain as they were when the Germans left them in 1881. The Greeks have been busy in other sites since then, and no new work has been undertaken here. Grass has been allowed to grow on the excavated soil, so that at this time of the year the Altis is covered with a rich green turf, much more agreeable to the eye than the old dirt, under the sun which even in April strikes hot upon the little valley. It is a pleasure to notice the success with which the growth of underbrush has been checked, and in general the care which is taken of the place. Here and there a young pine has been allowed to grow, and in a few years there will be plenty of shady spots among the ruins. Perhaps the time will come when the Government or some patriotic individual will set up a section of the temple, even two or three columns with the epistyle blocks upon them, in order to give some idea of the scale of height. That is the great desideratum at present. One sees clearly the plan of every building, and the relation of one to another, but it is all so flat that none but experts can restore the elevation in imagination. Even if you know the facts and figures, it is difficult to picture their effect, and one portion of the central temple restored to its original height would at once give scale to the whole. It is merely a question of effort, and of expense which could not be great, as the original materials are there in abundance.

The museum is an old story to many, but to me it was new, and, beyond the fact of its existence, a bitter disappointment. Those who designed it had an opportunity the rarest of all in museum construction, that of making the most perfect setting for a definite collection of sculptures—a collection which, from its nature, was not likely to grow, which was in itself so small that the position and surroundings of every piece might well have been considered, and which included the two most complete pedimental groups and the most beautiful single statue which our generation has inherited from Greece. Certainly few architects have had such inspiring problems set before them, and we might well have expected results in proportion. But it seems as though

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every æsthetic principle of lighting or arrangement with a view to the best effect had been wilfully disregarded. The principal room in the building is the hall, in which the groups from the two pediments of the temple of Zeus are set up. The length of this hall is that of the pediments, so that each group occupies a side wall. So far, so good. The figures, however, are placed upon a shelf or pedestal along the wall, not more than three feet high, so that they are seen at a level, not, as they should be, from below. Indeed, one looks down upon the reclining figures at the ends, and thus we lose entirely the effect of the modelling of the under surfaces, which was most carefully considered by the sculptor, and the only part of his work which he thought would be seen. The reason given for placing the groups thus low would probably be that they can be best studied there, and that if they were placed high, details would be lost; but a slight elevation would have sufficed. Every one who has had experience in the arrangement of sculptures knows that, in compositions of this kind, if the eye be forced to look upward, the amount of the height is of very little consequence. Had the pedestals of these groups been five feet high, so as to bring the plinths of the figures at the average height of the eye, the effect would have been ten times as impressive as it is, and the statues would have been just as accessible for purposes of investigation as they are at present. Possibly, however, the reason for keeping them down is to accommodate the narrow gallery that surrounds the hall above the groups, the object of which is difficult to conceive. There is nothing up there, and certainly the view of the sculptures from that point cannot be either interesting or important. As to the metopes, they are huddled together on the two end walls of this hall so closely that a layman might suppose them to be all fragments of one composition. The lighting of this room is quite as faulty as the arrangement. With unlimited opportunities for roof-lighting, whether vertical or diagonal, in fact with every facility for having his light just where he wished it, the architect has run a line of small windows along the top of each side wall, so that they are directly over the heads of one group and diagonally opposite those of the other. The sculptures have, therefore, neither the light which they originally had upon the temple, nor the best concentrated light which a museum might have given them.

All this might have been pardoned had the Hermes been worthily placed. As one thinks what might have been done with this statue, there comes the vision of the Venus of Melos in her beautiful setting—the long vista of the approach, the rich background of curtains, the carefully considered lighting, by which no detail of the modelling is lost, no shadow made too prominent. How much more wonderful than she would the Hermes appear if he were set in the same surroundings. Yet here, with an excellent opportunity for one, there is no vista: the statue stands—alone, to be sure—in a room opening from the hall just described, and at right angles with it. Consequently the first view one has of the figure is of its profile, sharply silhouetted against a strong side light, which comes from three large windows directly opposite the visitor as he enters. He must get under these before he can really see the statue, and thus the effect of a first impression is lost altogether. And the same perversity which placed the temple-sculptures too low placed this too high. If there is in the world one statue which invites the closest possible inspection, it is the Hermes, every modulation in the surface of which is like a line of poetry; yet it has been placed nearly if not quite five feet above the floor. The excuse this time is that the pedestal on which it stands is a restoration of the original one; but this, in view of the sacrifice involved in the effect, is by no means valid. The same people who made the original pedestal placed the statue in a niche on the side wall of a long low temple, where the only natural light it could have had came through an open door, and we have plenty of other evidence that the Greeks were more indifferent about the placing and lighting of their statues than we are. Be that as it may, the Hermes now stands upon its high pedestal in a room that is nearly square, the three windows of which I have spoken being so low that the strongest light is thrown upon the lower part of the figure, and strikes upward into the face instead of coming down upon it. The result anybody can judge who has the opportunity of comparing a photograph of the statue as it now stands with one of the old ones taken for the German publications. It is now impossible to appreciate the exquisiteness of the modelling of either face or body. The statue cannot be turned, because, instead of the old cross, its present support is an iron bar—to accommodate which a hole has been cut into the back, between the shoulders—and this bar runs horizontally to the wall behind the statue, where it is firmly braced on both sides. The figure is, therefore, really suspended, although it appears to be resting on its feet, the missing parts of the legs being supplied from a German pattern, in plaster.

Even its cruel treatment cannot rob the figure of the wonderful, pathetic quality of its beauty, or make it any less the statue of statues; but those who saw it as it used to stand in the old house, deprived of every aid and artifice for the display of its perfection, will wonder what is missing from it now that its position seems to have been so much improved. Those who set it up could not have appreciated its finest qualities, else they would not have come so near to obliterating them. It is something of a consolation to turn from the Hermes to the Niké of Paionios, which is the only statue in the Museum placed with good effect. She stands at one end of the hall in which are the pediment sculptures, her pedestal being composed of several blocks of the three-cornered shaft on which she originally stood, sufficiently high to bring out the lightness and grace of the figure, and to show how much finer the statue itself is than any cast of it.

If in the Museum of Olympia there is surely cause for grumbling, the fault is not with the Greeks. The building was the gift of a Greek gentleman to his country, but the plans and the arrangement are the work of "strangers in the land," and strangers from whom we had reason to expect better things. Let us be thankful at least that, after years of delay, the sculptures are now safely and permanently housed, and so return in good spirits to our comfortable train, which is waiting at the station. Here, where a few years ago a solitary carriage would have been standing in the shade of a tree, there is now all the bustle and paraphernalia of a railway—guards, porters, onlookers, bells, and horns. As the train moves out, the shrill whistle of departure awakens the unaccustomed echoes of the Alpheios valley. Olympia has slept its sleep, and henceforth its repose is to be disturbed daily, save in the hot months, when there is fever in the plain.

EDWARD ROBINSON.

A WHITE CITY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ALGIERS, March 24, 1894.

ALGIERS is a city in transition, perhaps in its most interesting phase. Enough has been done in the sixty-odd years of the French occupation to give it in part a thoroughly European appearance, yet enough has been left absolutely intact to make it, in some respects, almost as distinctly Oriental as it could ever have been in the time of its misgovernment by the Deys. Between the two extremes the line is, of course, not tightly drawn, and there are stages in which the old and the new exist side by side; some amalgamation, besides, of the two modes of life has been naturally inevitable, but there is much less of it than would at first be imagined.

In reality, there is here a French town and an Arab town, and an admixture of both. The French element as a whole plainly predominates. The original limits of the old Arab town not only have been greatly restricted by its absorption into the French city, but new quarters have sprung up which are wholly French. In its present condition the whole lower part of the city along the Mediterranean is European; and outside the fortifications which originally surrounded it, the town has been extended in compactly built streets into the new suburb of Bab el-Oued on the one side and Mustapha on the other. The Arab city, driven back from the water, rises directly in the centre, behind the modern town.

Viewed from the middle of new Algiers, it is difficult to realize, considering the part of the world in which it is, that sixty years covers the entire period of the French possession. From the Place Bresson, for instance, one side of which is formed by the Municipal Theatre, extend, on either hand, solidly built streets of stone and stucco with smooth wooden pavements and abundant gaslights. Except for the unmistakable garb of a part of the passing people, there is nothing whatsoever that locates the scene in the East. The same is true of the adjoining streets and particularly of the Boulevard de la République along the sea. This superb street, constructed in the sixties with £300,000 of English capital, gives Algiers architecturally as fine a water-front as any along the Mediterranean. To counteract the steep slope of the land, a massive wall, honeycombed with storage-vaults and warehouses, extends some forty feet up above the quays, which are approached by zigzag driveways and flights of steps. The street at the top is built up only on the further side away from the sea, over which there is an uninterrupted view out across the harbor and the long sweep of the bay to the mountains of Kabylia beyond. If I have said that there is little of the Orient in it, I must, nevertheless, except the outer side, which, on sunshiny days, is thronged with a nondescript crowd of Arabs and negroes, people of infinite leisure, who lean over the stone balustrade idly watching the bustle of the seaport below. Curiously enough, it is not this street, with its Parisian buildings, its fresh air, and its charming prospect, which is chosen as the fashionable promenade of Algiers, although in it are the best of the hotels and the largest cafés. The honor of popularity is accorded to the dark little Rue Bab-Azoun, a narrow street, arcaded on both sides, where are situated the principal shops. Here, and not where they might be seen to better advantage, the ladies of the colony and the officers of the garrison exhibit their toilets to the jostling crowd, which is almost wholly European.

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The Place du Gouvernement at one end of this busy thoroughfare illustrates much more accurately the real character of new Algiers as only, after all, a graft of Western civilization. It is here that the life of the West and the East most intimately meet each other to the exclusion of neither. The Place du Gouvernement is really an epitome of Algeria as a French colony. In its centre stands a bronze equestrian statue of the Duc d'Orléans, once Governor of Algeria, made of cannon captured at the conquest. In front of it a full military band plays twice a week to a crowd more composite than even New York could turn out to a public concert in Central Park. At the back are the dazzling white walls and dome of the mosque Djamäa el-Djedid. At the sides are European cafés on the one hand, and, under a most stately group of date palms, on the other, the Arab flower market. Visible through a narrow street in front, out of which comes pouring an unceasing stream of Moors, Arabs, Kabyles, Jews, and all the other elements, Oriental and European, that make up this heterogeneous population, is the Catholic cathedral, once a Mohammedan mosque, and back of it, tier upon tier, pure white in the sunshine, rise the flat-roofed houses of the native town in a wedge until they too are overtopped by the Casbah, the dismantled stronghold of the Deys, whose harem has now been made by the conquerors into barracks and its mosque into a Christian church. The Place is the centre of the life of the town, native and European alike, and the people hurrying or lounging across it are as often one as the other. From the square minaret of the mosque the mueddin calls the faithful to prayer, knowing that a good half of those who hear him should rightfully be mindful of his admonitions. Just now, during the Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, the Place is thronged towards evening with hollow-eyed men who have worked and starved all day, and are now waiting for the firing of the sunset gun to announce that for the time their long fast may be broken.

If this part of Algiers is strikingly Oriental in some of its features, there is, nevertheless, more than enough on every side to remind you that it is still but an element. The boulevard cafés, the newspaper kiosks, and the trams are still felt to be congruous characteristics, even if the burnoused men and the white-shrouded women may, at times, form the principal part of the passers-by. The most interesting feature, however, of Algiers is the thoroughness of the transition that it is possible to make. A few blocks away, in the old town, the whole condition of affairs is changed, and if you are successful in penetrating the labyrinth of crooked streets, without fetching up ignominiously in an *impasse*, as far as the Rue Kléber in the heart of the Arab city, there is absolutely nothing to remind you of Western civilization. Were it not for the gas-lamps that project here and there from the houses, and the names of the streets carefully displayed in Latin letters at necessary corners, it would be quite impossible to detect a trace of European contact at all.

The whitewashed houses of the old town extend straight up the hill without a break—at least it seems so, for the streets that wander off through its compact mass have no effect to destroy the continuity. Even when looking directly down upon it from the ramparts of the Casbah, it is impossible to follow the line of a single street or to realize that there are ways across it. Once within it the reason for this becomes apparent, for many of the streets, particularly in the upper part, are in places built completely over, while in others, although the space is not absolutely filled up, it is impossible to see the sky through the opening on account of the overhanging walls. Many streets are so narrow that one must step into a convenient doorway to let an approaching person pass. They are all fearfully steep, and impassable to any beast of burden except a donkey. Through the whole length and breadth of the town, as at present constituted, it is safe to assume that no wheeled vehicle of any sort has ever been. It is bad enough for pedestrians, for, although the streets are all paved with stone blocks, these have been worn so smooth by swarms of feet that some degree of caution is required to avoid a fall, which, for many reasons, would not be pleasant. Most of the pavements, besides the incline of the hill, slope from both sides to the middle, which serves as the necessary gutter. The steepness and smoothness of these streets is doubtless a saving clause in the economy of the place, due whether to natural selection or to direct intention I cannot say. It is noticeably cleaner after a heavy rain, and if its odors now are not absolutely those which one is apt to associate with "Araby the blest," it is easy to imagine that they might have been worse under less favorable physical conditions.

The life of the Arab town is apparently as unchanged as are its streets, and as uninfluenced by French domination. The people who throng this labyrinth—the ants, rather, who live in this ant-hill—are all our old friends of the Arabian Nights. The same poor shoemaker works in his little hole in the wall, which is scarcely more than large enough for himself and the shoes he is mending; the tailor sits with his fellow-workmen on the floor of his shop at work with bared feet as well as with hands on the same garments, or others precisely like them; there are the same blind men and hunchbacks, the water-carriers with their copper jars, and the porters stooping under their heavy burdens—Ali Baba, well clad and prosperous, after he had helped himself out of the hoard of the forty thieves, and Sindbad the Sailor with benevolent face, back from the last of his voyages. They live a life here absolutely sufficient to themselves, if they choose, in its supplies and demands, and there is no necessity to go outside of their own precincts for anything touching their material or their spiritual needs. They have their own shops of all kinds whatsoever, their own cafés and their own schools; their bakers bake their own bread and their confectioners make their own sweets, which do not look particularly tempting. Most of these outside accessories of life, however, are poor. The glamour which the city doubtless had in the old day has departed long ago. There are few rich Arabs left, and there were apparently never many fine Arab houses within the present limits of the old town. A glance through an open doorway reveals, now and then, a court with twisted columns and old tiles, and bespeaks potentialities if they could only be come at; but the exterior goes for something, and it is hardly possible that it often conceals much Oriental or any other kind of magnificence. The native shops, too, of the old town are small affairs, though they often contain treasures of silk and embroidery for both masculine and feminine wear, which is unpacked from unsuspected places. There are everywhere possibilities. With its other characteristics the old city has also kept its Eastern impenetrability.

If there is a question as to what there is below the surface unseen, there can be no question as to the interest of the part which is apparent. Its picturesqueness is undoubted. As has already been said, almost nothing has forced itself into the old town to remind one nearly or remotely of the conquest, and you may even traverse it from top to bottom without seeing a European garb other than your own. It is not, however, to be supposed that the French authorities have allowed it, without let or hindrance, to follow its own devices. They evidently, on the contrary, have it well in hand, for once or twice I have seen a French policeman with a carefully made plan of streets and houses looking up somebody or something. Wisely they have left the Arab city in its densest part to all intents and purposes as it was. All around they have made serious inroads upon its edges. Below, by the sea, as I have intimated, it has, except for scattered houses, entirely disappeared, and its place has been taken by the new French town. Above, not only has the old Casbah been pierced by a public highway, but a broad street has been cut in between it and the compact houses of the city down from which the little lanes dive like dark tunnels. It is not difficult to discern their policy in regard to it: its limits are being constantly contracted. Upwards of three hundred of the old houses were demolished last year alone, and at this rate ten or twelve years will more than suffice to make it, as a town, absolutely a thing of the past. The modern stucco tenements that will replace it will, no doubt, be vastly superior in convenience and sanitation, but Algiers to the traveller will have lost its most characteristic charm.

In the process of replacement, elsewhere in the city, a number of the best of the Moorish houses have been carefully preserved and are now used by the French either as Government offices or as public buildings. The finest of all of these old buildings is the archbishop's palace opposite the cathedral, itself once a mosque. Other notable instances are the house now occupied by the "Conseil Général," and the old residence of Mustapha Pasha, which is now the library and museum. The Casbah, too, at the top of the town, although parts have been demolished and parts ignobly turned over as barracks to the French artillery who mess under an arcade with marble columns, has still retained much of its ancient architectural beauty intact. From among its many separate buildings rises a beautiful minaret, and the tiles above the sculptured arches of its doorways are as bright as though laid yesterday.

Perhaps even more interesting, in some respects, for what it has kept of the past is the mole of the Peñon, which formed the ancient harbor. Some of the details of its many structures are most interesting. A doorway in what is now the Bureau de la Marine has above it, under a long Arabic inscription, two leopards in mosaic supporting a crown and crescent, and is unique in Arab art. Close by, in the house of the Turkish Raïs, now the residence of the naval commandant, is a fountain with inscriptions which is almost the best of the kind left in Algiers. More interesting still for its associations is the Peñon itself and the lighthouse at its extremity. Originally a Spanish fort against the Moors, it was finally captured, in 1530, by the Algerian Dey who set 30,000 Christian slaves at work to connect it to the mainland by a mole. On one of the old bastions, the entrance to which still bears the coat of arms of Spain, the present lighthouse, twelve-sided and tiled in a broad stripe of many colors about the top, was built a little more than a decade later. It has since stood unchanged, through all the vicissitudes that

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have overtaken Algiers, the most prominent object in view from sea or shore. It has been a familiar sight to Americans under far less pleasant conditions of hospitality than are accustomed to be meted out to those of the present generation. In 1793 it is estimated that there were more than a hundred American citizens held here in slavery who had been captured by Algerian pirates on the high seas. It is utterly impossible, at this time, to realize that twice, in 1783 and again in 1812, Algiers declared war on the United States; that in 1795 we actually paid in ransom and tribute no less a sum than $721,000, and that for many years after we were forced to pay an annual tribute of $22,000 in stores and munitions, until 1812, when this sum was demanded in money! The little English church has many memorials, in the form of tablets on its walls, of the time when Algiers was "the scourge of the seas." One I copied, the other day, into my note-book: "1584. Lawrence, Master of Oliphant, the Master of Morton and other banished Scottish gentlemen enslaved at Algiers, whence they were probably never released." Cervantes was brought here a captive in 1555, and was not released until more than five years later.

The European population of Algeria has all come in since the French conquest in 1830. In Algiers and its immediate suburbs the natives, including together Mohammedans and Jews, are now outnumbered nearly three to one; that is, a little less than two-thirds of the 86,000 inhabitants are Europeans. The latter are of various nationalities. After the French the most numerous are Spaniards and Maltese. There are also a number of English residents who live in Moorish villas, old and new, on the green slopes of the amphitheatre formed by the Mustapha hills, or back a little way on their summit, and there are some few Americans. During the winter the many hotels of Mustapha Supérieur contribute their quota, as the years go by a continually increasing one, from nearly every country of Europe, to the general fund. The journalism of the town shows its cosmopolitan character. Besides the native journals printed in Arabic, there are a round half-dozen French dailies, good, bad, and indifferent, and two English papers which appear weekly.

This cosmopolitanism is carried, too, into the amusements of the place, which offer a most astonishing range. Your tastes may be gratified in almost any direction. If you are interested in native manners and customs, as the French who live in the midst of them affect not to be, the open space above the old town almost always offers, in the motley crowd of men, veiled women of the better and unveiled of the baser sort, and half-naked children of all sorts, an opportunity to indulge your curiosity. They themselves are possibly more interesting than what they have come to see. If you can make your way through so as to overlook the inner ranks sitting on the ground, it proves to be a serpent-charmer playing his reed flute to his charge, who listens with head erect. Sometimes it is an Arab rhapsodist, with a swarthy but clean-cut face, and an unmistakable look of divine afflatus, who chants as he paces to and fro in front of an orchestra consisting of three or four men beating noisily on tambours as large as grain sieves, himself now and then touching his own tambour by way of additional accompaniment; or it may be a professional story-teller, who stands as he recites, or a number of blind men with tambours, sitting on the ground, who all join, with apparently an eager interest, in the chorus to the verses which one of them chants in the minor singsong that is their Oriental characteristic. If you still desire something more, in the same direction, it is possible at night, with proper guidance, to see the native dancing-girls among their own surroundings, or to be present at an *aïssaoua*, where the actors, among other brutalities of the same sort, gouge out their eyes with iron spikes so that they project on their cheeks, drive nails into their heads, sear their flesh with hot iron, eat live scorpions, and thrust swords into their naked bodies where they are left to hang. To accord more nearly with the tastes of the European part of the population, which has turned out in full force, bull-fights have several times been given of a Sunday afternoon during the winter, with bull-fighters from Spain and genuine Andalusian bulls. If all this is unsatisfactory, there is the large and well-appointed Municipal Theatre, where a series of operas has been produced, among them such a recent work as Reyer's "Sigurd."

The best entertainment, however, that Algiers offers to the stranger who dwells within (or, as most do by preference, without) its gates, is the moving panorama of the streets, and one does not easily tire of its always shifting scenes. Nor is one restricted, as is the case in many parts of the East, to the town and its immediate surroundings. The French have constructed everywhere through this part of the colony *chaussées* that are the equal of any in Europe, and it is possible to drive in any direction through a country teeming with a perennial verdure, with carefully cultivated fields on every side, orchards yellow with oranges and mandarins, and hills covered with vineyards. This part of Algeria is a veritable "garden of the gods." Many regions of old France are fertile, but there is nothing at all like this. If you are a pedestrian, there is everything here to tempt you abroad. Back across the hills, where the fields all winter have been full of flowers, runs a perfect network of lanes and byways, so deep, frequently, in green that they are almost covered over and are cool on the hottest days. Although there is an abundance of rain in the winter months, this year an unusual amount, the climate is not too capricious and the air is dry and tonic. Add to this a temperature neither too cold for comfort after you become acclimated, nor too warm to be enervating, and singularly free from sudden fluctuations, and you have a picture of Algiers not too enthusiastically presented.

W. H. C.

Correspondence.

THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: About ten years ago Mr. A. H. Smith, now of the British Museum, London, then Worts travelling scholar of the University of Cambridge, searched, at my request, the museums of Rome for terracottas corresponding to the plaque reproducing figures from the frieze of the Parthenon which I had found in the Louvre Museum in Paris. He had the good fortune to discover one of these in the Museo Kircheriano, which immediately joined on to the plaque of the Louvre. At the same time the correspondence between these terracottas and some reduced casts of the Parthenon frieze which I saw at Rome was so complete that I was forced to consider the possibility of all these terracottas being forgeries. As the preceding chapters relating to the plaques in my book, 'Essays on the Art of Pheidias,' were already in print, I embodied Mr. A. H. Smith's discovery, together with the causes of doubt as to their authenticity, in the Note F of my book.

When my book had appeared, M. Salomon Reinach of Paris made a thoroughly unjustifiable attack upon another chapter of my book, and at the same time stated in decided terms that these terracottas were not genuine. His statement rested entirely upon his own opinion. At the time, authorities in ancient terracottas like M. Heuzey of the Louvre Museum (though with more scientific modesty) maintained their genuineness. For my own part I believed that the only scientific method of dealing with such questions was to give all the facts before us, and to refrain from final judgment until further light could be thrown upon the subject, not by opinion, but by new facts. My own experience of ancient terracottas leads me to believe that, unless we are guided by the design itself, there is not an archæologist, or even a dealer, who may not be deceived when guided alone by the consistency and manufacture of the terracotta itself. I remember the late Alessandro Castellani, than whom there has been no more experienced dealer in antiquities, showed me three terracottas by which he had been deceived.

The point which I wished to illustrate in my book was the fruitful results arising out of a conscientious comparative study of style in ancient Greek art, and not the manufacture of terracottas. If these plaques are forged reproductions of the Parthenon frieze itself, the recognition of their Pheidiac character, even in their mutilated condition, strongly proves the correctness of this method of observation.

Quite recently Prof. Furtwängler of Berlin, in his book 'Meisterwerke der Griechischen Plastik,' reverts to the question of these terracottas, and, with the violent assurance which he has in common with his French counterpart, M. Reinach, he considers the Copenhagen fragment, "as well as the other Waldstein'sche fragments," as decidedly genuine. He bases this statement upon the examination of the fragment at Copenhagen, which was taken out of the wall for him. He believes that these terracottas were made in the time of Augustus, and that they were to be traced back to a common original along with the Roman casts which are derived from the casts originally made for Choiseul-Gouffier.

It is a singular coincidence that, just ten years after he made his first discovery at Rome, Mr. A. H. Smith has now found another larger piece of the same terracottas in a shop at Rome, which he purchased for the sum of three francs. It represents a horse and a horseman standing, whose chiton is being adjusted by a boy, from the northwest corner of the frieze. As far as the terracotta itself goes, it bears every trace of genuineness, nor can we understand how it could have repaid a forger to make so skilful a forgery—in fact, all the arguments in favor of their genuineness which I have given in my book hold good.

Before I left for Greece, Mr. A. H. Smith kindly brought his Roman terracotta to the British Museum, and I was then enabled to confront it with the original portion in the frieze of the Parthenon. I noted all the discrepancies between the plaque and the frieze. Since then two of my pupils (Mr. Earpe of King's College and Mr. Carr Bosanquet of Trinity College, Cambridge) have compared the plaque with the Roman reduced casts which I have collected in the Archæological

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Museum at Cambridge. I have just heard from them that, in every instance, the discrepancies from the original frieze are the same in both the terracotta and the reduced casts. This appears to me one of the strongest arguments against the genuineness, and one which is not based upon opinion only. But before maintaining absolutely that they are forgeries, I should prefer to wait until some further facts of the nature of this recent discovery be forthcoming.

I cannot write from this place, while directing the excavations of the American School on this interesting site, without also referring to Prof. Furtwängler's hasty remarks recently made upon the sculptures from our first year's digging, published in my report. He maintains that the beautiful female head is "certainly not that of Hera, probably Hebe, and that all the sculptures from the Heraion have nothing whatever to do with Polykleitos or his school." In spite of this emphatic statement, it still remains more likely that the head is that of Hera than of any other divinity. If not Hera, it probably represents some human character, such as a priestess—but it is least likely to represent Hebe It would *a priori* be a very curious, almost unique circumstance, if, the great temple statue of Hera having been intrusted to Polykleitos, the greatest living sculptor of the time, the chief of the Argive school, the sculptured decoration of the temple were intrusted to some foreign school. But the sculptures themselves, which Prof. Furtwängler could not wait to study before venturing to express an opinion, bear all characteristics of the Polykleitan school. The beautifully preserved head from the metopes which we found a few days ago, is a purely Greek representative of the type of head in the well-known reproductions of the Doryphoros of Polykleitos.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

HERAION, ARGOS, April 7, 1894.

MORE ABOUT SOUTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every fair-minded man who knows the situation in this little State, with its Celtic temperament, will sympathize with "M. D." in the main purpose of his letter which appeared in the *Nation* of April 19. But if the moral support of good citizens outside of South Carolina is to be secured permanently for the benefit of our unhappy minority, it must be attracted by a fairly accurate understanding of the controlling conditions.

"M. D." calls South Carolina a "one-city State," which in a sense it is; but one might easily get the impression from his letter that Charleston bears a political relation to the rest of the State such as Paris, for instance, has borne to France. It is safe to guess that "M. D.'s" personal knowledge of South Carolina is confined to Charleston. He has made a very bad lot of guesses at the population of the leading cities, and he certainly is not acquainted with the countrymen—the "wool-hat, one-gallus boys," whose votes have twice made Mr. Tillman Governor. Columbia, the second city in the State, has over 15,000 inhabitants, instead of 12,000, and Greenville is next with 10,000, instead of 5,000; Spartanburg, "M.D.'s" third city, has 7,500 instead of 9,000, and Beaufort, which he puts in the fourth place, is eighth or ninth; Anderson, Sumter, and Florence are all larger, while Orangeburg is about the same in size as Beaufort.

There are something less than 500,000 white people in the State, of whom only about 20 per cent live in the cities and towns. These figures are interesting in connection with the following statement: The negroes did not vote in the last two State elections. Tillman is therefore the choice of the majority of white South Carolinians. The cities and towns, I believe without an exception, roll up heavy majorities against Tillman, and the country districts are equally pronounced the other way. The vote for Tillman in 1892 was 50,000, with 30,000 for the opposing candidate. The vote of 1890 was far more favorable for Tillman, as there was then practically no organized opposition to him. We see, therefore, that the more intelligent townspeople are in a hopeless minority as against the country people.

To return to "M. D.'s" letter, the rank and file of the Tillmanites are neither exceptionally lazy nor "unusually intelligent for their surroundings," and, above all, they are not "extremely clever at finance." If "M. D." meant to be funny in his description, I beg pardon; I will send him several wise saws and modern instances illustrating the unusual intelligence and marked financial talent of the South Carolina planter. No lazy man can "make" a cotton crop. It requires careful preparation of the soil, and clean culture, and is somewhat jocosely said to take fourteen months to bring to market. A Massachusetts farmer said to me lately that farming in the South was comparatively easy, because there were no weeds to fight! A higher compliment could not be paid to the thorough cultivation of the cotton fields. Nor do the white planters leave their farms for the negroes to work. The small planters do their own work, and the larger ones, with few exceptions, personally supervise, first, the ploughing, then the hoeing, and, later, the picking. The Southern planter has nature in a milder mood to contend with than his Northern brother, and does less hard work, the year around. But he knows equally well how to put in full time, when the "season is in the ground," and "M. D." does him great injustice when he employs italics to emphasize his statement that he "will not work." However, even those of our "unusually intelligent" planters and extremely clever financiers who can read rarely see the *Nation*, so they will not feel "M. D.'s" sharp digs. But it is well worth while to call attention to the bottom fact of the situation in this State, which is the sad lack of general intelligence and common information, and the extremely limited outlook of the South Carolina yeomanry. These are what have made possible the ascendency of such an uncouth and brutal character as Governor Tillman.

A very similar thing happened in Virginia, when Mahone captured and held for several years precisely the same class of voters, though, to the credit of the Virginia white people be it said, he was obliged to call in the colored vote to help him. Mahone and Tillman appealed to the class which has arisen since the war—men who had no chance to get ahead before the war, half-educated, or not educated at all, full of prejudices, and jealous of the late slaveholding class, and easily persuaded that they had been ground down and overtaxed by the old aristocracy. Such a proportion of ignorant and easily led voters is bad enough, to be sure, but the situation is incomparably more hopeful than if we were burdened with an equal number of the sort of smart loafer described by "M. D." The "one-gallus boys" have shown bad feeling and worse judgment, but they are men capable of right enthusiasms as well as wrong ones. A few years ago they were shouting as loudly and earnestly for Hampton as ever they have for Tillman, and when the elements of the unholy alliance now in power dissolve, as they surely will in the not distant future, these deluded voters will return to their senses, and to the leadership of the class which gave the State a creditable and honorable government from 1876 to 1890. Let those who despair remember Virginia, and how short a term in the history of that State the Mahone episode occupies. It is a practical and serious question for those who have any moral support to spare for the education of South Carolina, how they can effectively introduce it. If the Tillmanites could be reached through their leaders, or otherwise, with large and frequent doses of ridicule from the outside world, it would be the cheapest, speediest, and most effective cure for their present lunacy.

Like "M. D.," I am a Northern man by birth and education. I have spent nearly ten years in Virginia and this State, and have travelled on horseback for weeks at a time through parts of South Carolina, stopping for meals and lodging wherever the dinner-hour or nightfall found me. My impressions of the people, from this experience, are on the whole distinctly favorable, and I believe there is plenty of raw material here for the making of a self-reliant, industrious, and progressive body-politic. E. B. L. T.

GREENVILLE, S. C., April 23, 1894.

POSTAL-UNION STAMPS AND CARDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Another advantage of the Postal-Union stamps suggested in the last *Nation* is that of being able to enclose a stamp for reply in writing to strangers residing in Europe. It is often a source of embarrassment not to be able to conform to the business courtesy requiring the enclosure of a stamp (or card), and it is also true that one sometimes incurs the risk of receiving no reply through the omission of this enclosure.

This difficulty applies equally in Canadian correspondence. The absurd arrangement by which at the present time we pay two cents on letters to Canada, and three cents return postage somewhat complicates the matter, but it would seem possible to have some compromise made.—Respectfully, M.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Notes.

THE Gounod family has decided to publish a memorial volume, which will consist of the fragmentary manuscripts left by the composer, some of them being of an autobiographical nature, and of numerous letters to and from him. Gounod's son Jean, the artist, and his son-in-law, Baron de Lassus Saint-Geniès, are aiding Mme. Gounod in collecting the materials and preparing the volume for the press. But it is not expected that it will appear for some time to come.

'Fra Paolo Sarpi, the greatest of the Venetians,' by Alexander Robertson, for many years a resident of Venice, is announced by Thomas Whittaker.

The 'Annual American Catalogue for 1893,' the fourth in the series supplementary to the 'American Catalogue 1884–90,' has just been issued from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly* in this city. It contains a directory of American publishers for the year in question; an author-catalogue of books recorded in 1893, with full titles and descriptive notes; an author,

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title, and subject-index to the same; summary lists of their publications for 1893 advertised by a certain number of houses; and finally, the abbreviated English catalogue for 1893. It is needless to praise so indispensable a work of reference.

An 'Attempt at a Catalogue of the Library of the late Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte' is what Mr. Victor Collins modestly styles the guinea volume issued by Henry Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, London, as the basis of a bid for this unparalleled collection *en bloc*. It fills 718 pages, and embraces 13,699 items, beginning with 'Élémens de la grammaire chinoise,' and ending with Sprague's 'Handbook of Volapük.' The contents are divided into three divisions, China and Tibet representing the monosyllabic languages, and needing only half a page; the agglutinative languages (embracing Prince Bonaparte's favorite *crux*, the Basque, and our Indian languages) filling 71 pages; and the inflectional languages forming the great bulk of the work. One wishes such a collection might attract the eye of our Peffers and Gormans and so make its way to the Library of Congress; but these are not the spoils they are after.

The valuable 'Catalogue of Books Printed at or relating to the University, Town, or County of Cambridge [Eng.],' issued by Macmillan & Bowes, is concluded in Parts C and D (one volume) and a thinner pamphlet containing Mr. Robert Bowes's preface describing the inception of the task, together with a title-page for the entire work and ninety-eight illustrations of head and tail-pieces, initial letters, etc. The catalogue is not a bibliography, but represents a collection actually possessed by the compiler; the minute descriptions of the books printed to 1700, however, will serve a bibliographical end.

We have to welcome another fiction catalogue, cheaply printed on Manila paper and sold for ten cents by the Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library. It is a 'List of Novels and Tales in the English, French, German, and Spanish Languages,' under one author-alphabet, with occasional annotations. This is supplemented by a subject-index to the nearly 12,500 volumes, and by a "Short list of books of criticism on [some part of] the foregoing novels and tales." This is a very useful idea, and nothing could be better for the cultivation of *taste*. As a practical guide, however, for inexperienced readers of current fiction, one book has been overlooked which is worth all the others: we mean Mr. W. M. Griswold's 'Descriptive Lists of Novels,' classified by nationality and locality and kind, with carefully selected criticisms from contemporary journals. If this is not chained to the fiction-desk of the Los Angeles Library (which, by the way, as to its circulating department, exists one-half for novel-readers alone), it ought to be. On p. 45 "Boyessen," and on p. 115 "Fennimore," have escaped the proof-reader's vigilance.

The library just named has in circulation five sets of Howells's complete works and twenty-five copies of 'Ramona.' In the Cleveland (O.) Public Library, as we learn from its enticing little monthly bulletin, the *Open Shelf*, there are eighty-eight copies of 'Little Women,' ninety-seven of 'The Boys of '76,' and eighty-one of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' while there are seventy of 'Ben Hur' and seventy-seven of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Apart from fiction, it is gratifying to find that of John Fiske's 'Discovery of America' sixteen copies are needed to supply the demand.

The librarian of the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale of Florence pays in his *Bollettino* for March 31 a tribute to the late William Frederick Poole, "one of the most illustrious librarians of our time," laying especial stress on his monumental 'Index to Periodical Literature,' and on his labors in connection with those of Cutter and Winsor, in so uniting the forces of the library fraternity of this country as to make them an "ever increasingly powerful and indispensable element in the progress of national culture and of civilization."

'Redgauntlet' and (bracketed) 'The Betrothed' and 'The Highland Widow' add two more volumes to the Black-Macmillan Dryburgh edition of the Waverley Novels. With these we may properly mention the charming Dent-Scribner volume of 'The Lyrics and Ballads of Sir Walter Scott,' with an introduction by Andrew Lang, and with very serviceable notes prefatory and explanatory. An etching after Landseer's portrait faces the rubricated title-page; there is another of Abbotsford, and a third giving an archway glimpse of Scott's tomb in Dryburgh Abbey.

From Messrs. Longman come three uniform volumes of reprint of the Earl of Lytton's works in wine-colored cloth binding—his 'Selected Poems,' 'Lucile,' and 'The Wanderer.' Lytton's daughter, Mrs. Balfour, furnishes a preface to the first-named, in which the arrangement is chronological, and the selections from the first volume of "Owen Meredith's" verse are printed as they then appeared and not as subsequently revised. Her filial appreciation of the poet is temperate, and will propitiate while it informs the reader with many interesting personal details. The typography is handsome.

'Art for America,' by William Ordway Partridge (Boston: Roberts Bros.) is well printed and prettily bound. Here our praise must end, for the matter seems to us to be like the reading of *Hamlet*, "words, words, words."

Two more books of the kind that attempt to teach painting by written precept are before us: 'Portrait and Figure Painting,' by Frank Fowler (Cassell), and 'Sketching from Nature,' written and published by Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst at Orange, N. J. They are better than the average of such books, for they are by painters of practical experience and professional standing, and both disclaim and to some extent avoid mere recipe. The effort to teach painting in this way is, however, quite hopeless.

'A Field Book for Civil Engineers,' by Daniel Carhart (Boston: Ginn & Co.), contains nothing about drainage, water-works, canals, etc., but is exclusively confined to railway engineering. Though very far from being an ideal field-book, it no doubt will be useful to men in that business. There are some tables not ill-selected as to their matter, but their arrangement is bad, and the type of most of them terrible. One can but commiserate the wretch who has to use such tables after his eyesight begins to fail. The fault of the printing of the text of the book, on the other hand, is that it is too expanded.

G. A. T. Middleton's 'Surveying and Surveying Instruments' (Macmillan) is a brief but tolerably good account of the way surveying is done in England, and the instruments described are not unsuited to that way of working. It is not likely that many Americans will be deluded into this fashion, which, bad enough even for England, would be ridiculous in this country. The plane-table is not used at all; and the methods with the other instruments are laborious and awkward.

'The Dynamo,' by C. C. Hawkins and F. Wallis (Whittaker & Co.), is a valuable and laborious treatise on the theory and design of the important machine to which it relates. Although only a few months old, it is already obsolescent in regard to special matters. It will, however, be of great service to the class of engineers for whom it is intended.

'Edwards's Catechism of Hygiene,' written for school-children to commit to memory, is, on that account and from what it contains and omits, a very absurd compilation. It is published at Philadelphia by the author, Joseph F. Edwards, M.D.

The autopsy yields curious and occasionally unexpected answers to questions in clinical medicine and in medical jurisprudence. As exactness and completeness of observation are cultivated, these replies are more valuable, and in criminal law conviction sometimes fails because all possibilities by which death might have occurred have not been excluded. 'The Technique of Post-Mortem Examinations,' by Ludvig Hektoen, M.D. (Chicago: The W. T. Keener Co.), is thorough and clear, and is evidently the work of an experienced pathologist. It is minute without being trivial, and complete without diffuseness. Where required it is well illustrated.

A few months ago we noticed with approbation the first volume of 'An American Text-Book of the Theory and Practice of Medicine,' edited by Dr. William Pepper (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders). The second and concluding volume, of a thousand royal octavo pages, has just been published, and, if anything, it is superior to the first. It has an advantage over the former in that all its papers are contributed not only by teachers, but by teachers whose acquaintance with their subjects is practical and clinical. An exceedingly interesting section by the learned and most lucid Prof. Welch of Johns Hopkins, upon the biology of bacteria, infection and immunity, will repay study by all whom the science of life attracts. Even laymen, who may not care to own these two great volumes, will be glad to read this essay in the public libraries, should it not, as it deserves, be reprinted as an extract. The bacteriological matter is of the most recent date, and there is nothing in English newer than its discussion of the latest phase of hereditary tuberculosis, including Gärtner's work of 1893, a subject of the greatest theoretical interest and practical moment. Prof. Welch discusses with impartiality and with more intelligence than we have elsewhere seen the mutability of bacterial species. He admits variation in existing species, and that new species may be evolved, but he is not disposed to believe that one distinct species may be transformed into another already existing and well established, as, for example, B. subtilis into B. tuberculosis. It assists in the interpretation of some morbid phenomena to recognize that at least variations may occur; and it does not seem impossible, although as yet the bacteriological experts are unanimously in the negative, that the so-called spontaneous origin of such diseases as typhoid and yellow fevers and even cholera may occasionally occur by innocent micro-organisms developing virulence in those directions. But this is rank heresy in the high scientific world that is content to accept conditions as it thinks it finds them. Both volumes are freely illustrated by plates and cuts, but it is a grave defect that the most of the microscopical figures do not show the degree to which they are magnified. Each volume is indexed copiously and separately.

The second volume of the Harvard 'Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature' (Ginn & Co.) is more than half occupied with "Ob-

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servations on the Language of Chaucer's Legend of Good Women," by John M. Manley. This is only for the specialist. A literary interest attaches to Prof. Kuno Francke's brief paper, "Did the Hypnerotomachia Poliphili influence the Second Part of Faust?" in which a very good case is made out for the affirmative with the aid of some of the woodcuts from the elder work, to which Goethe was actually referred (for the sake of the cuts) by his correspondent Göttling. Another German theme is elaborately carried out by W. H. Carruth, who masses the "Expressions of German National Feeling in historical and poetical literature from the middle of the tenth century to the time of Walther von der Vogelweide." W. Henry Schofield studies the source and history of the seventh novel of the seventh day in the 'Decameron,' and there is much else that is instructive in this creditable collection.

The *Psychological Review* for May maintains its university character, including as it does contributions from fifteen universities. It is worth remark that two of the contributors are women. If we may judge from the number of women who are now attending courses in psychology in the English and American universities, they will play an important part in this the newest of the sciences.

No. 4 of the *Portfolio* in its new form (Macmillan) is devoted to Bastien-Lepage, and is written by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). She gives the well-known facts of the artist's life, and a not unfair if somewhat enthusiastic appreciation of his art. The arrangement is rather confusing, and the dates are sparse, so that one not in possession of the facts might easily fail to understand the order of production of his principal works. We must protest against the constant introduction of Marie Bashkirtseff, and the grave quoting of her girlish "gush" as if it were serious criticism, and against the frenchifying of our own Saint-Gaudens, whose Christian name appears as "Auguste." The editor should have known better than this if the writer did not, and the English inscription on the bas-relief of Bastien should, one may think, have put even the latter upon the right track.

It appears from a document extracted by the *Débats* (April 6) from the forthcoming *Bulletin* of the Société des Sciences Morales de Seine-et-Oise, that M. de Bacourt, who became Talleyrand's testamentary executor, accepted the post of secretary of legation at London under that ambassador with much reluctance, not wishing to "rentrer sous le joug de la mauvaise humeur de M. de Talleyrand." Thus he writes to his faithful correspondent, the Duchesse de Dino, on Nov. 10, 1833. He assures her that he is determined to hold himself amenable to the ambassador only in respect to his conduct as secretary. Five years later Talleyrand's memoirs were confided to him, and curiosity is still unsatisfied as to the liberties he took with them in preparing them for eventual publication.

—We take pleasure in noticing the appearance of the first volume of a 'History of the Scandinavians, and Successful Scandinavians in the United States,' compiled, edited, and published by O. N. Nelson of Minneapolis. It is a neatly printed and bound book of 643 pages, divided into two parts, the first containing "historical articles," by Mr. Nelson and various collaborators, "on the greater events of Scandinavian-American history from the year 1000 to 1893"; the second giving "historical articles and biographies of Scandinavians in Minnesota." There are chapters on the "characteristics of the Scandinavians," on the Scandinavian immigration, on the Icelandic discoveries of America, on the first Swedish settlement on the Delaware in the middle of the seventeenth century, on the first Norwegian immigration, on the Swedish colony at Bishopshill, Ill., on the Fifteenth Wisconsin or Scandinavian Regiment in the war of the rebellion, and on the various religious organizations, containing more than 10,000 communicants. The second part begins with a well-written review of the Scandinavian settlements in Minnesota, and ends with about 700 biographical sketches after the plan of a modern cyclopædia, illustrated by about seventy-five portraits. The biographies are of the ordinary kind found in similar works, but we are pleased to note the absence of fulsome praise by which such sketches are usually marred. Finally, we must mention a number of very elaborate statistical tables. Other volumes are to follow on the Scandinavians in Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, the Dakotas, etc., and thus the work, when completed, will contain a reasonably complete account of the Scandinavian group of our population. It obviously deserves a place in our public libraries.

—It appears from the facts gathered by Mr. Nelson that Scandinavians have been emigrating to this country ever since it began to be colonized. Thus Hans Hanson Bergen of Bergen, Norway, came with the Dutch immigrants to what is now New York as early as 1633, and became the ancestor of a large American family. In the Dutch colonial and church records he was variously called Hans Hanson von Bergen, Hans Hanson de Noorman, etc. The well-known Swedish colony was founded on the banks of the Delaware River in 1638, and a Swedish clergyman preached in his native tongue in Philadelphia as late as 1823. The member of the Continental Congress who gave the casting vote of Pennsylvania in favor of the Declaration of Independence was a Swede of the old Delaware stock—John Morton. In 1820 the United States began to record the number of immigrants, and in that year twenty are registered from Denmark and three from Sweden and Norway. From that time there has been a tolerably steady increase, the largest immigration from the Scandinavian countries being recorded in 1882, when 105,326 landed on our shores. In 1892 the number was only 68,302. According to the census of 1870 and 1880, 25 per cent. of the Scandinavian population in the United States were engaged in agriculture, and 50 per cent. labored at what is called "all classes of work." It is a notable fact that one out of four of the Scandinavians engages in agriculture, while only one out of six of the native Americans, one out of seven of the Germans, and one out of twelve of the Irish follow the same profession. A reasonable number of Scandinavian-Americans have become more or less prominent in the world of politics, in literature, and in the various professions that require college training. It is generally admitted that the Scandinavians are among the best immigrants that this country receives.

—The rarity of international benefactions lends peculiar interest to the work accomplished by the gift of the late George Peabody for the erection of model dwellings in the poorer parts of London. The twenty-ninth annual report of the Peabody Donation Fund shows the same careful management that has distinguished this work from its inception, with a net gain for the year 1893 of about $150,000. While strictly adhering to a conservative policy which has increased the original £500,000 given by Mr. Peabody to the generous sum of $5,550,000 in round numbers, the trustees have been able to provide for the service of the artisan and laboring poor of London 11,273 rooms, besides bathrooms, laundries, and wash-houses. This aggregate of accommodations comprises 5,070 separate "dwellings," which are occupied by nearly 20,000 people, although the report explains a temporary decrease in numbers as being due to temporary removals of tenants during extensive alterations now in progress at the Spitalsfields Buildings; two new blocks of dwellings are also in course of erection. The detailed statistics presented shed valuable light on the domestic economy and physical conditions of life in London tenements, both of the better and the baser sort. It has been stated, somewhat captiously, that the Peabody and other model tenements in London tended to be occupied by a class of tenants whose earnings did not justify the assistance rendered by these sanitary flats at abnormally low rental. It appears that the average weekly wage of the heads of families in the Peabody houses is only £1 3s. 7½d., or a trifle over $1 a day; the average weekly rent of each dwelling is 4s. 9¼d., and of each room 2s. 1¾d. Rent in all cases includes the free use of water, of laundries, sculleries, and bathrooms, and it is impossible to overestimate the value of such privileges in the close quarters inseparable from any form of tenement life. Certain figures demonstrate the close relation between sanitation and mortality statistics. The birth-rate for 1893 in these Peabody Buildings was 35.1 per 1,000, or 4.1 per 1,000 ahead of the rate for all London during the same period; the death-rate (including 65 deaths of residents who had been removed to hospitals) was 17.6 per 1,000, or 3.7 per 1,000 below the average death-rate for all London; infant mortality, that inexorable test of sanitary and moral conditions, was only 126.4 in each 1,000, or 37.9 below that of London as a whole, and enormously below the rate in improperly arranged and overcrowded tenements in any great modern city.

—England, which has done little to improve the principle of the refracting telescope for a century and a half, the ordinary double object-glass being generally recognized as the original device of Dollond in that country in 1758, now claims the discovery of a method of making a perfectly achromatic telescope; and Mr. H. Dennis Taylor, at the meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society last month, gave a full description of his invention. Finding it impossible to secure the entire elimination of color with two glasses, he has added a third, the chief disadvantage of which will probably be the greater absorption of light. Coming from a star, then, the light falls upon, first, a baryta flint glass, with refractive index of 1.564, a white glass as hard as ordinary crown, and ground to a double convex figure; second, a new boro-silicate flint, double concave in form, with refractive index somewhat less than the first, and slightly absorbent of the violet rays; and third, a concavo-convex lens of light silicate crown glass, exceedingly transparent, and not differing very much from the hard crown glass ordinarily employed in telescope construction. All these glasses in the lump, however, are not of English but of German production, by a Jena firm now about ten years old. Three lenses of large size, should they eventually be obtainable, would of course

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increase the present engineering complications in the machinery of the telescope, on account of the necessarily greater length; but a very considerable advantage would arise from the coincidence of the optical focus with the photographic one, so that no necessity would then exist, as heretofore, for varying the combination of the lenses in any particular, when the character of the work to be done with the telescope is changed. Messrs. Cooke & Sons of York, an English optical firm of excellent standing, have already undertaken the manufacture of the new object-glasses, of all diameters up to twelve inches, and they announce that they hope soon to be in a position to construct telescopes of double that diameter from the new and perfectly achromatic glass. The immense disadvantage of the blue light of the secondary spectrum in the ordinary form of great telescope is well recognized by practical astronomers, and interesting discoveries may be expected from a large telescope of the novel type in which this troublesome imperfection has been wholly removed. It is, however, problematical whether this new triple object-glass will, all things considered, prove any more effective than Dr. Hastings's double objective, also of Jena glass, described in the *American Journal of Science* five years ago.

—Official information has been received from the University of Göttingen to the effect that the Faculty sees no reason why, in suitable cases, the degree of doctor of philosophy should not be conferred upon women. This is the most important event, in the series of changes that are taking place in the world in the status of women, that has happened for a long time. There is no reason why the other German universities should not quickly follow in the lead of Göttingen, and then England and America will be the only civilized countries in which the highest attainable education, with proper recognition, is inaccessible to women. It is an open secret that it is owing to the generous activity of the great mathematician Prof. Klein, a man of thoroughly chivalrous mould, that this great boon has been gained for women. The Göttingen faculty does not explain how, if the matter is so simple now, it has not been able to see, during all the former years of its existence, that there is "no reason" why the women who were willing to work for it should not always have received the doctor's degree upon the same terms as men.

—The issue of the China *Mail* (Hong Kong) for January 17, 1894, devotes two columns to the Medical Missionary Society's fifty-fifth annual meeting. This association founded and supports the Peter Parker Hospital in a corner of Canton, with four branch establishments. The hospital, dating from 1839, claims to be the oldest of its kind outside of Christendom, and is named after one of the earliest American missionary physicians. Its medical staff are supported by American Christians, while its running expenses are mainly paid by local contributions, partly foreign but still more largely Chinese. The current expenses, besides drugs, were $2,947, and the contributions $2,141. Of these $1,151 was given by Chinese and $890 by foreigners. This fraternizing in a humanitarian work is "irrespective of nationalities and creeds," and it is astonishing that so much good can be done with so slight an outlay. The out-patients attended to in 1893 were 57,179, the in-patients 1,717, the surgical operations 2,553. During the last thirty-four years 1,483 cases of vesical calculi were operated upon, with a mortality of only 97. Tropical fevers of late prevalent have tasked the resources of the institution to the utmost. The thanks of the society were voted to Dr. Rennie and the woman physicians in Canton for coöperation, and also to the American consul, Charles Seymour, for obtaining subscriptions from Chinese officials. Its local habitation, substantial but of the rudest architecture, stands at Kuk-fow among missionary schools, dwellings, and a chapel, near the river bank, where house-boats in many ranks crowd the shore, and are filled with families too poor to secure a foot of land.

A COMPILER'S RUSSIA.

Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

It is plain that Mrs. Latimer possesses no knowledge of her subject beyond what she has laboriously collected for this book. She has not allowed herself time for comparison and reflection, and she lacks also that accuracy of statement which is essential to place facts in their true light. On page 1 she says:

"In the days of the Vikings Russia had been more or less connected with the Norsemen. Its chief kingdom, whose seat of empire was at Novgorod, was a settlement of Northmen, whence Harold Hardrada (killed in England, 1066, three weeks before the battle of Hastings) brought home to Norway Elizabeth, its King's daughter, as his bride. The kingdom of Novgorod was overturned by invading Tartars, and little more was heard in Europe of Muscovy until in the sixteenth century."

The only government which in the least resembled a "kingdom" was situated at Kieff, not at Novgorod, and it was the daughter of the Grand Prince of Kieff, sister to the wife of King Henry I. of France and to the wife of Andrew I., King of Hungary, whom Harold married. Novgorod was not a "settlement of Northmen," or a kingdom. The Slavs had been settled there and had raised up a powerful mercantile city hundreds of years before they invited the Varangian Prince to come and rule over them because of their internal quarrels. Oriental coins dated two hundred years previous to this invitation have been found buried at Novgorod. The Varangian Prince, Rurik, was in no sense a king. Novgorod was an independent republic until it was conquered by Ivan III. in 1471. It was ruled by its Town Council, and the prince had no power even to cut the grass on the plot of land assigned to him until the council appointed the day. These appanage princes were allowed to reign—not to rule—during good behavior only. "If the prince is bad, into the mud with him," was the haughty motto of these Russian republics, and they lived up to it so conscientiously that this very "Lord Novgorod the Great" once had five changes of prince in the course of seven years; one prince was thrice expelled, and thrice he returned on invitation in his anxiety for the ticklish job. The "seat of empire" in Russia was always at Kieff until Moscow became the legal and actual capital, about 1425, after Kieff had been deposed from that position and the site of the capital had been in question for about one hundred years. There was no such thing as "Muscovy" at the time referred to by Mrs. Latimer, nor for several hundred years afterwards.

She strays equally far from the facts when she states, a little further on, that Ivan I. was the prince who first assumed the titles of "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias." Simeon the Haughty first took the title of "Grand Prince of all the Russias." Ivan IV. (the Terrible) was the first to assume the title of "Tzar," in 1547, and Peter the Great adopted the title "Emperor" (*imperator*), the one which is used almost exclusively at the present day.

Descending to more modern times, in her introduction to the present century the author states that Peter the Great's eldest son, Alexis, "led probably an irregular life; at any rate he drew down upon himself the displeasure of his father," and she explains Peter I.'s condemnation of him and his execution on those grounds. She is evidently ignorant of the fact that Alexis was conspiring, with his mother and religious fanatics and retrogressionists, against Peter and all the reforms which the latter had spent his life in introducing into Russia. From her assertion about Alexander I., that "the allied powers would not further his ambition in that direction [Constantinople]. They compensated him by the acquisition of Finland, and permitted him to do what he would in Poland," the reader would be led to suppose that he acquired Finland by the action of the Congress of Vienna; whereas he had conquered it six years before, in 1808.

Passing over such inaccuracies as Wiekinghoff for Vietinghoff (the maiden name of the celebrated Baroness von Krüdener), and of Empaytar for Empaytaz, the Baroness's evangelical friend, Shirvan and Karabaugh for Erivan and Kabarda, Mezenzel for Mezenzeff, Keof for Kief, Dreuteln for Drenteln, Koratzakof for Karakozof, Leooffa for Lvovna, Weid for Wied, Kankoff for Zankoff, zemstovos and zarosta for zemstvos, verlost for starosta (the deliberate statement is made that "the head man of a Mir is called a verlost"), and similar errors which are not permissible in what pretends to be an authoritative work on a serious subject, let us turn to errors of another kind. The author asserts that "all the imperial family lie buried in the chapel of the St. Alexander Nevsky monastery," in St. Petersburg. All of them, beginning with Peter the Great, are buried in the Cathedral of the Peter-Paul fortress; the sovereigns previous to that date are buried in Moscow. Paul I. did not paint his new palace a bright red color; its gray, green, and pink marbles are uninjured to the present day. The document by which the Grand Duke Constantine resigned all his rights to the throne in favor of Nicholas I. was kept in Moscow, not in St. Petersburg, and it was this fact and the delay thus entailed in deciding that Constantine was not to be Emperor on the death of Alexander I., which gave the opportunity for the Decembrists, and, in great measure, caused the riots among the soldiers in 1825. The author's statements on this point are ambiguous and misleading.

On p. 86 she says: "As the wife of every Russian sovereign *must* adopt the Orthodox faith, of which her husband is the head, it seems to be the custom of these ladies on their baptism to take the name of Marie Fedorovna, a practice which makes it somewhat hard to distinguish them." Unhappily for Mrs. Latimer's accuracy, this remark is made in connection with the wife of Nicholas I., whose Russian name was Alexandra Feodorovna. In view of the thoroughly Oriental character of the dress, accoutrements, and languages of the inhabitants of the Caucasus, it is hardly justifiable to assert that they may be descendants of the Crusaders. The mob which Nicholas I. faced accused the doctors, not the Jews, of being the "authors of the cholera" in 1831. In

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one place the author states that Peter the Great conquered Livonia and founded St. Petersburg on its soil, in another she calls the country Esthland. It was, in fact, Ingria, or Ingermanland, inhabited by a cognate race, but by neither Livonians nor Esthonians.

The author makes no discrimination between good and indifferent authorities. An instance of the results is presented by her copying an article from the *Cosmopolitan* magazine by an ignorant writer who states that Sophie Perovsky was a "countess," and that the mine under the Nevsky Prospekt at the Sadovaya would have blown up the Anitchkoff Palace. From some other equally ill-informed person she accepts the assertion that "the Orthodox Russian Church has added an additional sacrament to those in the early church or in its Latin sister," viz.: "Coronation." We contradict this on the authority of the longer catechism of the Russian Church, published by and printed at the establishment of the Holy Synod. The seven sacraments are those known in the Roman Catholic Church. This being the case, the further assertion that the Emperor regards this "sacramental rite" as making "his person sacred" falls to the ground. And here we may inquire what the author really intended the scope of her book to be? The title would seem to indicate that the international relations and wars between Russia and Turkey are meant. But we soon find that she is professing to give us, especially in the case of Russia, an account of agriculture, village and state government, court ceremonies which have no connection with diplomatic relations, and even of the accident to the imperial train at Borki in 1888. This last is interjected, by the way, in the very middle of a description of the trans-Siberian railway, with which it could not possibly have any connection, both because of its locality and because the Siberian railway was not in existence at the time. This furnishes a good specimen of the incoherent method, if method it can be called, which is pursued in the book.

There is a long account of the coronation of the present Emperor, in which detail is carried to the extreme of describing his clothing and that of the imperial choir, the coronation canopy, and so forth. Any one who has been in Moscow will recognize the inaccuracy of these and other descriptions. The coronation clothing, down to the gloves, stockings, and slippers of the Empress, are preserved in the museum there, and furnish the proof that the Emperor wore a dark green, not a "red" uniform, on that occasion; that the canopy was not "composed almost entirely of yellow feathers," and so on. The imperial choir is not easily to be seen by foreigners, and we may therefore remark that its members are clad in crimson and gold, not in "purple." "Ivan the Great's Tower" has nothing to do with Ivan the Terrible, as the author asserts, for its date is subsequent to that of his reign, or with Ivan the Great, who was Ivan the Terrible's grandfather. Iván Velíky, the name of the great belfry in the Kremlin, literally translated "Ivan the Great," is supposed to be a corruption of the architect's name (John) Ivan Villiers. This looseness of statement is observable throughout the volume, and must detract seriously from its value. Description of well-known objects seems, in fact, to be a fatal trap for the author. Reference to any picture of the Kremlin would have convinced her that each of the cathedrals has five golden domes, not one. A very slight study of the map and of Russian history would have shown her that "Nizhni-Novgorod, the capital of the Norsemen who founded the first civilized empire in Russia," is situated at least six hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Novgorod the Great, with which she has confounded it; that the Norsemen did not found either Novgorod or an empire (as we have already shown), and that Nizhni has never been a Russian capital. As only common criminals, and no political prisoners, are sent to the Island of Saghalien, Mrs. Latimer's remarks on page 305 lose their point. Her descriptions of the village Mir and other rural assemblies are far from clear, and her assertion that the Mir "pays an annual sum to the old proprietor" is misleading, to say the least. On page 325, she says: "So terrible was the destruction wrought by the Russian invasion that to this day Livland (or Livonia) has never recovered the prosperity she enjoyed up to the close of the sixteenth century." In the next paragraph but one, she says that "it was restored to prosperity and civilization" under Swedish rule, the destruction being attributed in equal measure to Poland, in the second paragraph; while in the fourth paragraph, the Livonian nobles, "oppressed beyond endurance" by Sweden, are shown to have sought protection from Russia, under Peter the Great, from which time forward its increase in knowledge and civilization is acknowledged. What is the reader who seeks trustworthy information to make of all these ill-digested excerpts from different sources thus placed side by side in contradiction? or of such a statement as that John Couza was elected hospodar of Moldavia in 1858, "reigned three years," and was forced to abdicate in 1866?

In her anxiety to leave no bit of information for others to supply, the author has attempted to give personal data in regard to the family of "the Russian Emperor" (who is not that, but the Emperor of Russia), and has succeeded in telling both too much and too little. She seems not to be aware that the wife of the Grand Duke Michael Nikolaevitch has been dead for some time; that it was the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevitch, not his brother Constantine, who "was commander-in-chief at one time in the Turkish war"; that "Countess Zenaida Beauharnais, of the family of Gen. Skobeleff," is Skobeleff's sister, married to the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and now in possession of the title of Duchess of Leuchtenberg. As this lady has nothing to do with Russia and Turkey, or the imperial family, legitimately, the allusion to her and to a notorious affair had better have been omitted altogether; but, if mentioned, the facts should have been given accurately. Definitively announcing the betrothal of the Tzesarevitch, in the face of conflicting and long-continued reports, was certainly unwise. In short, too much has been attempted, without due study or comprehension of the matter. The book deals with all the rulers of Russia and Turkey and with all the wars connected with them during the present century, much space being given to the Crimean war, including character sketches of the prominent generals, and to the Russo-Turkish war, including an inordinate amount of glorification of Gen. Skobeleff, sufficient to form a complete biography of the man, or to render the war a secondary matter in comparison with his personality.

Althea: A volume of dialogues on Aspirations and Duties. By Vernon Lee. London: Osgood & McIlvaine.

Social inequality, the gulf apparently ever widening and deepening between the rich and the poor, is the principal theme of discussion by "Althea" and her friends. The book is pleasingly different from most of its class, because no one advocates a specific remedy for evils which, beginning with civilization, have kept pace with its growth, but each contents himself with indicating a path that may possibly lead to a more general distribution of pleasure and a diminution of pain. The characters are only names used for the easier expression of the author's fluctuating thought, yet each preserves a fairly consistent individuality. By using this form the author gains latitude and escapes that necessity, supposed to be imperative in speculative writing, the formulation of positive conclusions. She also escapes that defeat of her object which is so often the fate of the social reformer by pretty rigidly limiting her discussion to abstractions. She believes heartily in the essential unity of mankind, in the identity of the best interest of one with the best interest of all, in the responsibility handed down through the ages and imposed on each successive generation to conserve the good of its predecessors and to transmit it unimpaired and increased to its successors. The *Weltschmerz*, she argues, cannot be cured by legislation or by revolution that wrenches wealth and privilege from one group temporarily to bestow them upon another. She sees equality of good as the far-off, slow-coming result of the acute realization by those to whom accident has given material advantage, that this accident carries with it an obligation to cultivate high thought and fine feeling, and to apply both to the benefit of those who are by sordid care prohibited from the luxury of thinking and feeling, and who hence go blundering on from birth to death, always standing in their own light and inevitably tumbling from bad to worse. Let the mind and the spirit, she urges, be properly tended by those who have time and capacity: the expression in conduct cannot fail to be just, effective, right.

So brief an indication of the drift of an unusually thoughtful and enlightened work is necessarily very imperfect, but it suffices to suggest how ideal is the author, and how open to the scorn of those learned in economics and, before all things, practical. Her plea is, after all, for the most radical reform, that of which the desirability is as constantly obvious as its accomplishment seems hopeless—the regeneration of the human heart. If the practical would only consent to take counsel with those whom they most need for their perfecting, the idealists, the problem would not appear so hopeless; yet should the choice for a beginning fall on Vernon Lee, we fear they might misunderstand and distort to wrong uses her idea that no duty to others can be intelligently and worthily done by one who does not clearly see and persist in his duty to himself. Hers is not the Christian altruism which, as she puts it, insists upon "an absurd, nay, pernicious, self-mutilation for the greater expansion of other folks' selfishness," but that modern development of ancient ethics which recognizes in each mortal a high standard of virtue, and commands him to reach constantly towards it even at the cost of transient disappointment or pain to a group of fellow-mortals. This gospel of duty to one's own mind is, of course, a dangerous one, especially for the practical who deal not in subtleties and have a profound aversion for hair-splitting.

It cannot be hoped that 'Althea' will be widely read. At least a rudimentary thinking apparatus is needed for its understanding, and even its classic form of dialogue is rather

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hateful to the multitude. But if only the mentally and spiritually privileged should read and assimilate, the result might be a perceptible hastening of the destruction of that inequality which, in Matthew Arnold's famous words, applicable to more countries than England, "materializes our upper classes, vulgarizes our middle classes, brutalizes our lower classes."

Total Eclipses of the Sun. [Columbia Knowledge Series.] By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1894.

Joy is hardly too strong a word to express the surprised state of mind of the reviewer who finds a work upon a subject sharply cut treated thoroughly upon a plan sharply cut. True, an easy subject has been selected. Professor Ranyard some years ago digested in a thick quarto all that had up to that time been observed in relation to solar eclipses, and those astronomers whose attention has been turned that way have kept subsequent observations under continued comparison with those recorded by Ranyard. That, therefore, facilitated Mrs. Todd's task. Yet it was not easy to boil Ranyard's huge volume (together with all that has been observed since) into a couple of hundred pages of duodecimo. This has been effected with such skill that the most learned astronomer may profit by reading these pages, though any novice can profit by them.

Of all the phenomena of nature, a total solar eclipse is incomparably the most sublime. The greatest ocean storm is as nothing to it; and as for an annular eclipse, however close it may come to totality, it approaches a complete eclipse not half so near as a hurdy-gurdy a cathedral organ. Few people who do not make journeys on purpose ever see a total eclipse; consequently, it is difficult to imagine how such events could ever have been predicted before the theory of them was understood. The Babylonian bricks have shown that the most scientific people of antiquity often made mistakes in their predictions that solar eclipses would occur; and they never seem to have attempted to predict their totality. It is true that in the period of fifty-four years eclipses come round with some approximation to their former conditions. It may possibly have been that Thales, who is said to have predicted an eclipse 585 B. C., made use of this period; but several considerations cast great doubt on the prediction. It is a curious fact that the records of ancient eclipses, solar and lunar, do not gibe with modern observations. To account for the discrepancy, Oppolzer and other European astronomers suppose a gradual change of the motion of the moon; but our American authority, Newcomb, finds evidence of a sudden change such as might have resulted from some cataclasm within the interior of the earth, which should have altered the length of the day by a minute amount that might become appreciable in the course of many centuries.

Mrs. Todd gives full information about the observations of the sun's corona and about the various theories of it, all of them unsatisfactory. She seems to regard it as certain that the light of it is largely ultra-violet. If this be the case, fluorescent spectacles ought to assist the observation of it. Mrs. Todd makes the curious if not very probable suggestion that the wings of the winged sun-disk which the Egyptians imported along with the god Ra represent the sun's corona. They are certainly similar to some appearances of the corona. At the end of the book is a valuable chart of the eclipse-tracks of the next fifty years. It would have been better if the quincuncial projection had been employed for this purpose, as recommended by Oppolzer. But the book is so pretty and so interesting that we need say no more of it; our readers will find it out for themselves.

The Epicurean: A Franco-American Culinary Encyclopedia. By Charles Ranhofer. Illustrated with 800 plates. New York, 682 West End Avenue: Charles Ranhofer.

It is affirmed by gastronomic connoisseurs that within the past thirty years the degeneracy of the once famous men cooks of Paris has been making rapid progress, and that the true *cordons bleus* of France are now women, recruited from the Provinces, whose services are confined exclusively to private families, where and under whose auspices the traditions of classical cookery are alone maintained. That there is a certain measure of truth in this assertion is confirmed by the sarcastic allusions of French writers to the bad quality and indifferent preparation of the food now served at the Parisian restaurants, and the unqualified praise which they bestow upon the female *cordons bleus*. Théodore de Banville touches on this subject in the following words:

"Ils trouvaient chez elle . . . des plats accommodés avec des jus savants par une vieille cuisinière de Moulins, que Madame Silz cachait comme un proscrit, car le chef du café anglais et celui du baron de Rothschild avaient organisé en vain des fourberies et des tours de Scapin, pour arriver à lui parler et à savoir ses recettes."

What is true in this description of female cooks applies equally to two women writers upon culinary subjects. Madame Rosalie Blanquet, in her 'Cuisinière des ménages,' and Mrs. Beeton have both produced veritable classics relating to cookery in private families. Francatelli has done as much for the *grande cuisine*, but it has remained for Mr. Charles Ranhofer, in his 'Epicurean,' to combine under one cover all of the merits of the other three. In the great accumulation of facts relating to the preparation of food contained in the 'Epicurean,' there is no single instance where the recipes are not given with a lucidity and clearness in marked contrast to the involved and exasperating confusion of words so common in the formulas usually found in similar works. Moreover, of the 3,715 recipes recorded, while many are calculated for a kitchen organization of the most complete and elaborate character, there are many more which are easily within the compass of the most modest household equipment. This being so, Mr. Ranhofer might well have trusted to the admirable accomplishment of his performance to secure him the full recognition of its merits, without the unnecessary accentuation of his occupancy of the post of chef of a conspicuous restaurant of the town as indisputable proof of his superior capacity. While this may have an effect upon certain classes of people—those who eat but do not dine, and those who blindly follow the fad of the moment—among gastronomic connoisseurs it will have no value or consideration whatsoever; quite the contrary. Moreover, it is among this fastidious and discriminating group that Mr. Ranhofer must look for the larger sale of his work, inasmuch as the price of it will naturally restrict its general distribution.

There is another feature of Mr. Ranhofer's book which is open to criticism. He has copiously padded it with reproductions of the menus of private and public dinners which have been served in the restaurant in question during the past thirty years. These have considerably increased the bulk of the work, already large, without adding a corresponding interest. These menus are of no possible value, except possibly to betray to commentators of the future the depth of gastronomic savagery which prevailed among us during the latter portion of the nineteenth century. We allude not to the culinary merits of the dishes, but to their barbaric profusion, with the reckless waste of food products as a natural sequence. In France, where the price of comestibles is so high and the quantity, as compared to ours, is so limited, effort is constantly being directed towards superlative merit in cookery as a counterpoise to profusion. The following menu of an exceptional dinner of twelve covers recently served in Paris will more clearly emphasize the contrast between the foolish prodigality which characterizes the menus recorded by Mr. Ranhofer, and the restraint which is exercised in such matters abroad:

Potage à la royale.
Truite saumonée, sauce Rachel.
Selle d'agneau à la renaissance.
Langouste à la Bragation.
Dinde truffée.
Salade.
Pâté de foie gras de Nancy.
Fonds d'artichaut au parmesan.
Bombe Walkyrie.

Even this menu might have been curtailed to advantage by omitting the selle d'agneau and the pâté de foie gras.

In the copious index which accompanies the 'Epicurean,' there is one omission which should be supplied. While under the heading of beef, veal, eggs, etc., the various methods of preparation are recorded in sequence, in the case of fishes they are omitted. To learn the various modes of cooking these, it is necessary to refer to the individual species. Finally, in the choice of a binding, neither taste nor fitness has been consulted.

Elementary Meteorology. By William Morris Davis. Boston: Ginn & Co. Pp. 355. Illustrated.

The slow development of the study of meteorology, even in our larger universities, is responsible, perhaps, for the lack of adequate textbooks. That of Loomis is antiquated, Buchan's is out of date and out of print. Waldo's 'Modern Meteorology' seems better calculated to make weather-observers than scientific men well grounded in the principles underlying their specialty, while the German works of recent date, excellent as they may be, have had no translators to adapt them to the needs of our schools. This work by Prof. Davis is, therefore, most timely, and any such would have received cordial welcome even had it been from a less skilful master of the subject. The sole criticism which suggests itself is that, in its departure from previous models, the arrangement of the book may fail to commend itself at sight to teachers having occasion to use it. This, however, is essentially true of all ventures into comparatively new fields, and the instructor who is competent to make such criticism will find the abundant material here given readily adaptable to the needs of any reasonable preëxisting method.

The book discusses first the origin, nature, uses, and extent of the atmosphere, and, next, temperature and its distribution, upon which factors the winds are dependent. This leads naturally to a consideration of the winds themselves and the moisture which they carry and distribute. The later portion of the book is devoted to the relation of atmospheric phenomena to each other, with some account of the practical matter of weather prediction, and to

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a consideration of those recurrent conditions which we term climate. The book is the outgrowth of the experience of the author in the teaching of his classes at Harvard, and seems to be practical in its methods, rational in its progression, and fully abreast of the times in the information which it affords. While it is especially adapted to the student, it will probably find an equally wide field among our general scientific readers of the higher order.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allingham, William. Varieties in Prose. 3 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.
Bliss, F. J. A Mound of Many Cities; or, Tell el-Hesy Excavated. Macmillan. $2.25.
Craik, Henry. English Prose Selections. Vol. II., Sixteenth Century to the Restoration. Macmillan. $1.10.
Dukes, Dr. Clement. Health at School. London: Rivington, Percival & Co.
Fiske, John. The War of Independence. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 40 cents.
Gollancz, I. Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Merry Wives of Windsor. [Temple Shakspere.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. Each 45 cents.
Hall, Tom. When Hearts are Trumps. Cambridge: Stone & Kimball.
Jones, Julia C. Our Roll of Honor; or, Poems of the Revolution. The Author.
King, Capt. Charles. Cadet Days: A Story of West Point. Harpers. $1.25.
Loomis, E. J. Wayside Sketches. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Mackintosh, Rev. William. The Natural History of the Christian Religion. Macmillan. $3.75.
Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Rhoades, L. A. Schiller's Maria Stuart. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 65 cents.
Scott, Sir W. The Talisman. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Tinseau, Léon de. The Damascus Road. G. H. Richmond & Co. 50 cents.
Wilkins, Mary E. Pembroke. Harpers. $1.50.

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ARTICLES.—The Cost of Undergraduate Instruction, John M. Coulter; Truants and Incorrigibles, Edwin P. Seaver; Departmental Teaching in Grammar Schools, Frank A. Fitzpatrick; History in Secondary Education, I., Ray Greene Huling; Contemporary Educational Thought in Germany, Wilhelm Rein; Woman's Education in the South, Mary V. Woodward; The Report of the Committee of Ten, Francis W. Parker.
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